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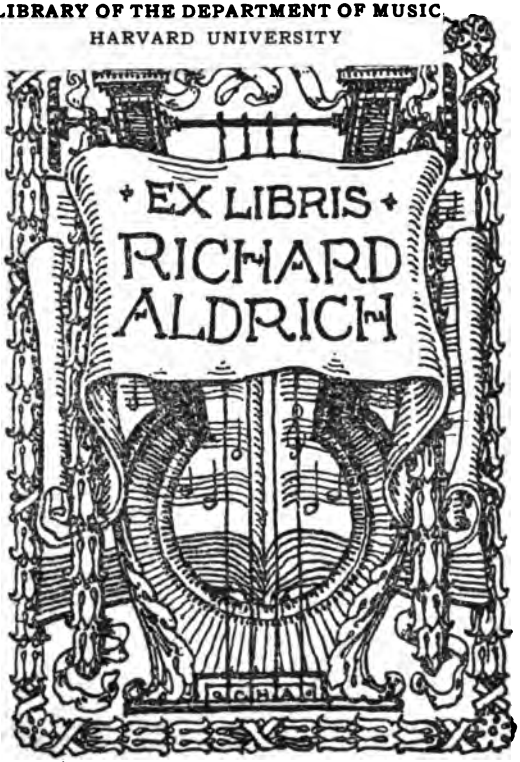
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My Musical Life and Recollections

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Photo. by J. Symmonds, Maidstone. Swan Electric Engraving Co.

L. Rivière

age 72

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MUSICAL LIFE

AND

RECOLLECTIONS

BY

J. LES RIVIÈRE

LONDON
SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON & COMPANY
Limited
St Dunstan's House
FETTER LANE, FLEET STREET, E.C.
1893
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1893
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TO MY WIFE,

AMY FRANCES RIVIÈRE,

WHO HAS BEEN

MY FAITHFUL FRIEND AND COMPANION

FOR NEARLY

A QUARTER OF A CENTURY,

I DEDICATE THIS BOOK,

WITH

LOVING REGARD.

055 * 42

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PART I.—FRANCE.

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MY MUSICAL LIFE AND RECOLLECTIONS.

CHAPTER I.

My parentage—Village life—Paris—My first school—My first watch—Death of Louis XVIII.—Chorister boy—The seminary—The revolution of 1830—The pillory—A drama at the Hôtel St. Phare—The cholera of 1832—Leaving home—Engaged as cow-keeper—Returning home—First engagement in an orchestra—A singular trio.

THE invasion of France by the allied armies in 1814 left terrible memories among the population who were so unfortunate as to come within the sphere of the military movements. Nowhere did the curse of war fall with more severity than upon the little town of Nogent-sur-Seine.

The three ~~emperors~~ sovereigns camped in the plain of Trainel, a few miles from Nogent, whilst Napoleon and the officers of his staff took possession of the Hôtel de Jerusalem, the largest and best in the town. It was here a detachment of Prussians, who had entered the town by the Faubourg de Troyes, sought to deliver a document to Napoleon, calling upon him to surrender, but the infuriated populace seized the three soldiers as they were crossing the courtyard of the hotel, and threw them into a deep well, where they were drowned. Not content with this, the mob outside attacked

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the Prussians, putting the squad to flight, several being severely wounded in the encounter. This hasty and unwise policy of the inhabitants brought, as it was bound to do, retaliation, and retaliation of a prompt and terrible kind, for the following morning the town of Nogent was surrounded by the allied armies, bombarded, and pillaged by the soldiers, Napoleon himself being compelled to retreat, leaving the Hôtel de Jerusalem in flames.

The Prussians thus being masters of the town, the hotel proprietor, M. Edmond Blacque, with his wife and two daughters, had to fly for safety to the woods, but they were speedily overtaken, and when identified as the owners of the Hôtel de Jerusalem, the family were badly treated by the soldiers who brought them back to Nogent, M. Blacque, together with two of his neighbours, being shot dead in the yard of the hotel, and their bodies thrown into the same well that had served as the burial-place of the messengers already alluded to. M. Edmond Blacque was my grandfather, and it was in the Hôtel de Jerusalem, every stone and corner of which I know, that my mother, Reine Blacque, like her mother before her, was born.

My earliest recollections, therefore, are connected with Nogent-sur-Seine, for, at the time of my birth, all these events were fresh in the memories of the families that had suffered from the devastations caused by the Prussians, who had pillaged, burnt, or otherwise destroyed all they could lay their hands on. My grandmother's description of the condition in which she found her home on their return to

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it, after the tragic death of her husband, and when the Prussians had left the town, was of a thrilling and blood-curdling nature. The left wing of the hotel had been completely destroyed by fire, and that part of the right wing that had escaped presented anything but an inviting aspect, for it had been converted into a hospital. When my poor widowed grandmother and her two daughters re-entered the demolished building, they found what remained of it uninhabitable for the time, owing to the dead bodies that were strewn about the place; and these corpses were, most of them, in an advanced stage of decomposition. Often have I shuddered at the recital, by my grandmother, of the measures she adopted for the removal of the dead. As the ordinary mode of interment would have taken time, she engaged a number of workmen in the town to tie the rotting corpses between two mattresses, and thus corded into bundles, they were carried, one after the other, by a couple of men, as far as the bridge, and dropped into the Seine. To clear the house of the dead was, as a matter of fact, to clear it of all the Prussians had left, for it was soon found that silver, china, and valuables of all kinds had been removed, the lovely Gobelins tapestries, with which the walls were hung, having likewise been torn down and carried away. A few articles of broken furniture had been left, but nothing remained worth removal. Still, my poor old grandmother felt unable to leave the home of her birth, and here it was that, at the ripe age of 99, she breathed her last. I can

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recall, as if it were but yesterday, the ruins of the Hôtel de Jerusalem, with its charred beams and burnt staircases, all of which were left untouched for many years after the tragic incidents I have endeavoured to outline. The well is still in existence in which lie buried the three Prussians and my grandfather, and his two equally harmless companions (for these victims of the Prussian vengeance were perfectly innocent of the attack made on the soldiers by the mob, and for which they were made to die); and when during the spring, at holiday time, I find myself in the Department of Aube, I make a sort of pilgrimage to Nogent to look at this watery grave of my dead ancestor.

My father's family also suffered from the invading Prussian army. In a less degree, it is true, and without any member of it meeting so tragic a fate as that of my grandfather Blacque, though it is a well-founded tradition in the Rivière family that my grandfather, Henri Rivière, who was a notary at Aix-en-Othe, died from shock to the system, in 1814, after the burning of his house by the Cossacks. Still, he died in his bed, and at his death his five sons, of whom my father, Sulpice Prudence Rivière, was the youngest but one, and an only daughter, divided his fortune between them. With his share of the patrimony, Louis, the eldest of my uncles, bought a large iron-foundry, at Labatie, near Toulouse. His eldest son, Fereol Rivière, after attaining celebrity as a barrister, became Conseiller à la Cour de Cassation, in Paris, a position he still holds. Frédéric, my second uncle, adopted his father's profession, estab-

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lishing himself as notary at Palis, a village some four miles distant from Aix-en-Othe, where he married, and had two children, Auguste and Armande. The third, Antoine, set up a hosiery manufactory, in partnership with my father, at Aix-en-Othe, where they had hundreds of looms at work, and where, I may add, most of the inhabitants are, in some way or other, connected with the manufacture of hosiery; the adjacent town of Troyes being the great market-place for this commodity. Odo, the youngest son of the Rivière family, became a farmer at Chalon-sur-Saône, and the last born of all, Felicitée, married Firmin Fouet, who was also a hosiery manufacturer at Aix-en-Othe, where, for many years he held the position of mayor. When I have added that the two Blacque sisters, Héloise and Reine (my mother) married two of the Rivière brothers, Frédéric and Prudence (my father), I shall have said all that there is to relate of my immediate ancestors, who hailed from that small, but very pretty village, Aix-en-Othe, which at the time I am writing of contained but 1200 inhabitants, though it counts more than double that number now. Aix-en-Othe, which is situated in the centre of the Champagne district, is picturesquely situated in the middle of the immense forest of Othe, and commands an extensive view of the surrounding country. Here I was born, on November 6th, 1819, at the top of the high street, and quite near the Church of St. Avit, and here the first three years of my life were spent. My mother, however, whose girlhood had been passed in more bustling surroundings, soon

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grew tired of the comparatively primitive life of my father's village, and at her instigation his share in the hosiery business was taken over by my uncle Antoine, and the three of us (for I was an only child), removed to Paris, where my father accepted an excellent position as inspector on the river Seine of the charcoal coming to Paris from different parts of the country. All that, at seventy odd years of age, I can remember of this period of my infancy, was my left hand being crushed in a door, the mark of which remains to this day, and the still sadder event of the death of a little fair-haired baby girl, who was called my "petite blonde," and with whom, as we were near neighbours, I used to play. I was said to be inconsolable at this event.

It was in 1822 that we took up our abode in Paris, my father being out all day in his business as inspector, whilst my mother, a most thrifty woman, and always bent on saving for a rainy day, divided her time between housekeeping and my education. The rainy day came, as she said, too soon, for my father, owing to his exposure to cold on the river, was attacked with rheumatism in an acute form, and compelled in consequence to relinquish his appointment. It became a question of finding a more congenial occupation for my father, a matter that was speedily settled between him and his brothers Antoine and Frédéric, my father conceiving the scheme of a partnership in charcoal manufacture. The plan adopted was that Antoine, who lived in the very middle of the forest of Othe, should buy the wood, have it cut and

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prepared for charcoal, and despatch it by canals to Frédéric at Sens, where it should be converted into charcoal, and forwarded by river to my father in Paris for sale at the various markets. The plan seemed feasible, and, at the outset, matters worked well enough, my father, who rented a large shed at the Marché des Recollets, on the Canal St. Martin, disposing of the charcoal as fast as it reached him. The success of the partnership unfortunately was but of short duration, for during the terrible winter of 1827, when the Seine was frozen for nearly a month, three boats belonging to the Rivière Brothers were amongst the many that, despite precautions, were completely wrecked when the breaking up of the ice occurred. Insurance, which is still but little practised in France, was then comparatively unknown, and the loss sustained by my father and his brothers was so heavy as to completely discourage them from continuing this charcoal partnership. So Antoine returned to his hosiery manufactory, and Frédéric resumed his former occupation; but my father, who had nothing to fall back upon, was glad to accept the offer of his eldest brother Louis to be manager of his iron-foundry near Toulouse. When he set out on this new appointment he left my mother and myself for a time in Paris, an arrangement that met with no opposition from my mother, as this particular brother-in-law had never been much of a favourite with her, and she was glad, therefore, to avoid coming in contact with him.

And so, when my father was settled in Toulouse, my

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education seriously began by my being sent to school, concurrently with which event occurred my first public explosion of temper. This consisted in my point-blank refusal to kneel down and pray with the others. I had even the temerity, although I had not been in the schoolroom ten minutes, to argue the point with the master, by telling him I had said my prayers at home, and that till I went to bed at night I would say no more. Nor did the master's gentle persuasion avail anything. I was sent home again to my mother, who gave me the chastisement I had assuredly earned. There was no repetition, I need hardly say, of this foolish insubordination on my part, nor was any further notice taken of the matter when I presented myself in class the following morning. My mother, too, strict disciplinarian though she was, so completely overlooked the offence as to give me my first watch a few days after when, on St. Nicolas day, which is called the children's fête-day, I was taken with the other boys of the school to the Jardin Zoologique. This watch, however, was in my possession but a few hours, for on reaching home in the evening I discovered I had lost it. How, of course, I could not say.

It was whilst we were living on the Quai d'Anjou in the Ile of St. Louis, and prior to the incidents just recorded, that Louis XVIII. died. Child as I was at the time, I can recall being taken by my mother to the house of some friends on the Boulevard Montmartre to witness the funeral procession, which was one of the most

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imposing spectacles France has ever seen. I need do no more than briefly refer to this magnificent pageant, for it is, of course, a matter of history that all the regiments garrisoned in Paris—infantry, cavalry, and artillery—took part in it; the hearse being preceded by the celebrated Cent Suisses, and all the clergy of Paris, all the monks, Capucines, and Sisters of Charity following with wax lights in their hands. A dazzling and bewildering scene to my young eyes was this last Royal funeral. Paris has seen many imposing exhibitions of various kinds since the death of Louis XVIII., but as the succeeding monarchs, Charles X., Louis Philippe and Napoleon III. all died in exile, the funeral of Louis XVIII. was, as I have said, the last of its kind.

The next incident that I can vividly recall is one that concerns me more personally. It was my admission, in 1827, to the choir of the Church of St. Louis-en-l'Ile. This was effected at the instance of M. de la Malmaison, the venerable curé of the parish, with whom my mother, who was a particularly pious woman, was on very friendly terms. It was whilst acting as chorister boy that I obtained my first notions in music, and excellent practice this singing in the Church services proved. I soon attained a degree of proficiency that induced the choir-master to put me in the centre of the boys as their leader, and I was not infrequently sent up to the organ to sing solos. Here I remained for some time, my mother, meanwhile, providing me with music-masters, from one of whom, M. Courtois, I had lessons on the

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violin, and it was at this early period of my life, when I was little more than eight years old, that the short-sightedness from which I have suffered to this day made itself felt. I was found to be constantly dropping the instrument to look closely at the notes, and so spectacles had to be provided for me. I next learnt the guitar from a German lady, Fräulein Hirten, though nobody quite knew why my mother selected this instrument. After the guitar I was taught the piano, and as, living on the floor above us, there was the organist of our church, a M. Desquimare, with whom we were on very neighbourly terms, I had every opportunity of making progress in my musical studies. My advancement proceeding, I was selected, in the absence through indisposition of M. Desquimare, to conduct the Sunday services, and so what with school, music lessons, and choir practices, my time was fully occupied. Having, however, neither brothers nor sisters, my boyhood knew little of nursery life, and I was able, therefore, to devote closer attention to my studies. Still, despite my perseverance, I was not successful in a competition I entered for a vacant post in the choir of Nôtre Dame. I was deemed to be the best reader of music among the candidates, but my voice was not of the requisite standard.

A little later than this, when I was about eleven years of age, I was sent to the seminary of St. Nicolas-du-Chardonet to study for the priesthood, it being my mother's pet ambition that her only son should enter the Church. She had dreams of seeing me become a curate in a village

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—dreams, I need not say, that have never been at all near realization. However, the early religious training I had had at home was supplemented at the seminary by that of the kind old Abbé Mauleon, who confessed me, and who must, I think, have grown weary of the weekly recital of my failings, which, I well remember, were greediness, laziness, bad temper, and disobedience. I presume the old abbé argued that the fact of a boy owning to so much was sufficient proof that he was not quite incorrigible, for certain it is, he never hesitated long about giving me absolution. The Church, however, was evidently not my bent, and, if I had any at so early an age, it was for music, which, even at St. Nicolas-du-Chardonet, I was able to keep up, permission being granted by the Superior of the Seminary, l'Abbé Colonna, a relative of the Napoleon family, for me to remain in my room, during what was called recreation time, to practise the violin. I have retained a pleasant recollection alike of the professors and of the institution, in which I remained for four years, though I thought in those days, and I should probably think more strongly still on the point now if I were asked for an opinion, that an excess of time was devoted to prayers. It was during the early part of my stay at the seminary that the Revolution of July, 1830, broke out, and Charles X. was dethroned to make way for Louis Philippe, who was styled Roi des Français. The three days' Revolution of the 28th, 29th, and 30th July is as vivid in my memory as if it had only occurred last week. Being near the Place de

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Grève and the Hôtel de Ville, we could hear distinctly the struggle between the Royal army and the insurgents. On the first day, when the Hôtel de Ville was taken by storm and pillaged, severe fighting was carried on in all the streets of Paris, owing to the erection of barricades at the street corners, which prevented the free passage of the soldiers. The cannonading that ensued from this created a din not easily forgotten by those who heard it. The victorious insurgents devoted their second day, I remember, to desecrating the churches, beginning with the Archbishop's Palace, which was completely wrecked by the mob, all the vestments, candelabras, and other valuable ornaments of the adjoining church of Nôtre Dame being thrown into the Seine in front of the Palace. And after the destruction of the valuable books composing the Archbishop's library, the Palace was burnt down, a sight I well recollect, being taken out by my mother to see it, for it was her idea that a boy should see all that was going on. The wisdom of her course, however, on this occasion was doubtful, as the following incidents will show. Broken-hearted after the scenes we had thus witnessed, from, I need hardly say, a safe distance, as we turned to go home we met a tall, wild-looking fellow, wearing an archbishop's tiara on his head, and clothed, altogether, in priestly garments. The ruffian, who was drunk, had a sword in his right hand that he brandished about in front of my mother, shouting the while, "Vive la liberté!" to which she, poor woman, replied, by bowing meekly and

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repeating the words "Vive la liberté!" Her presence of mind, no doubt, served us in good stead, for we should probably have fared badly had my mother ventured to retort with "Vive le Roi!" Among the sights we saw on this same day was the destruction of the iron cross on the church of St. Gervais. This was pulled down by means of a long rope, the cross falling with a fearful crash into the street. The church of St. Louis-en-l'Ile we saw similarly treated, but this cost the life of one of the ringleaders. The man had climbed to the tower for the purpose of adjusting the rope, when he missed his footing, and fell a shapeless mass on the stones beneath. Nor did my seminary escape. The insurgents took up their abode in the building, and the pupils had to escape as best they could over a wall and go by a back street (Rue de Pontoise) to their homes. The large rooms, we learned afterwards, had been turned into a hospital for the wounded, and it was not until peace was restored that we could resume our studies.

Another terrible recollection I have of the same period is of the pillory. This I was taken to see just before it was abolished, not, as it might seem, because my mother delighted in morbid spectacles, but because of the persistent idea she had, and to which I have already alluded, as to a boy's education being comprehensive. The degrading spectacle was carried out, as many of my readers may be aware, in front of the Palace of Justice, near Nôtre Dame, a large wooden platform, several feet high, being erected in

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the centre of the square every Sunday following the Assize Sessions. On this platform were fixed the poles, having stout planks like signboards on the top, containing holes for the neck and wrists, the poles corresponding in number with the list of prisoners condemned to the punishment. At mid-day, a procession of criminals was formed at the prison of the conciègerie, and they were marched in solemn file to the square, where, one after the other, they mounted the platform to be fixed, as in a vice, to a pole. In aggravation of the punishment particulars were written over the heads of the offenders, setting forth their name, age, profession, and nature of the crime to be punished. For two long hours were these wretched creatures exposed to the ribald sarcasm of a gaping crowd, which often enough pelted them with rotten eggs and other abominations. I have good reason to remember the pillory, for it so happened that when my mother took me it was the last occasion on which women were thus punished; and what has engraven the circumstance still more forcibly in my mind is, that in the two women we recognized a Madame Maurin and her daughter, who had belonged to quite a respectable middle-class family originally living at Nogent-sur-Seine. Madame Maurin, who was the daughter of the postmaster of Nogent, was known by sight to everyone in the town, and when her husband, who also held an official position in Nogent, died, the young widow, with her only child, a girl, named Angelique, came to Paris, where she bought the lease of the Hôtel St. Phare, situated at the corner of the Boulevard

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and the Faubourg Montmartre, now occupied by the Brébant Restaurant. The crime for which these misguided women were condemned to ten years' penal servitude, in addition to the pillory, was the more discreditable because they were not driven by poverty to rob. This, however, is a needless train of reasoning for me to take up, for physiologists would at once point out that our prisons contain but a small percentage of people compelled by necessity to break the laws of their country, by far the larger proportion being impelled to sin by instinct.

As a matter of fact, Madame Maurin and her daughter were doing a flourishing business at their hotel, when they conceived and carried out the plot of robbing Señor Ragolo, a rich Spaniard, who was one of the frequenters of the establishment, and who was known always to have large sums of money about him. By administering a narcotic to him one night at dinner, the mother contrived, when he was in a state of coma, to take his keys from his pocket, and going to his rooms, which she ransacked, she took possession of all the valuables contained in them. On discovering the robbery the next morning, Señor Ragolo communicated with the police. Suspicion, however, did not at first fall upon anybody in the building, and least of all upon Madame Maurin, until a thorough search being made, the stolen notes and jewels were found in the cellars, and the crime was traced beyond all doubt to the two women. It was a shock that I shall never forget, to see amongst the wretched convicts chained to their respective

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poles these two women, whose features were so familiar to me as to make me for the moment think that they were personal friends who were being thus tortured. The mother, still a good-looking woman, was loudly execrated by the excited mob, less, probably, on account of her crime than for having brought her young daughter to such a position, for the beautiful Angelique—the beauty of this girl of eighteen was really remarkable—was the object of much sympathy, all of which clearly shows that even gaping idlers are swayed by sentiment. It is true she looked the picture of misery with the wind blowing her long flowing hair across her face and over her shoulders, and it was with a heavy heart we turned from the Palace of Justice to go home. My poor mother, who, owing to their having been neighbours, was quite unable to look upon Madame Maurin and her daughter as ordinary criminals, used to inquire about them when they were in prison. The mother died before her term had expired, and the disgraced Angelique, when the time came for her release, exchanged the walls of the prison for those of a convent.

Parisians had barely had time to recover from the revolutionary troubles already referred to when the cholera of 1832 broke out, striking down its thousands daily. And sickening sights, indeed, this scourge entailed. Paris has been so much improved during the past forty years, that my readers would never, if I devoted pages to describing some of the streets, credit the account I should have to give of them. I will, therefore, pass over the cholera out-

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break by simply stating that, in the Rue de la Mortellerie, one of the dirtiest in the city, I more than once saw a long procession of vans containing the dead bodies of the people who had died in the night, the plan adopted being to throw the corpses out of the windows into the vans below. The undertakers sometimes missed their aim, and the bodies fell upon the pavement. It was a sickening sight indeed!

Children have a habit of denying that their school days are their happiest, and from their point of view they are probably right. But, looking back upon the terrible events that occurred during my early youth, I am bound to say that I was happier at the seminary than when I was sight-seeing with my mother. One boy's school life is so much like another's, that there is little worth relating of the time I passed at the Seminary of St. Nicolas-du-Chardonet, and, but for the heavy punishment inflicted on me by my mother for what was, after all, only a boyish freak, I should not think it necessary to relate an offence I committed that resulted in my leaving the seminary. My mother, after the habit of some mothers, had a fancy for having my clothes "made for growing," as she used to say, though, as a matter of fact, they were always worn out before I had grown to them. I was compelled, also, to wear quite flat-heeled shoes, and these I disliked because they looked like slippers, whereas the other boys, most of whom belonged to rich, and some to aristocratic families, were, generally, better dressed and wore smart high-heeled boots. The demon of envy I suppose entered my young

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soul one Thursday when I was to have a holiday (we were allowed to spend alternate Thursdays with our parents), and I resolved to go into the room where all the boys' boots were kept and borrow a pair for the day, which I did. That one wrong deed leads to another was true enough in my case, for, naturally, with another boy's boots on my feet, I was afraid to present myself at home. After playing truant all day I was caught in the evening in the act of replacing the borrowed boots, and this being reported to my mother, who at once said I had not been home, I was politely requested to leave the establishment. This severe measure was adopted by the schoolmaster, no doubt, with a view to setting an example to the other boys, but I must confess I was totally unprepared for the course adopted by my mother, in punishment of what she must certainly have considered a heinous offence. The next morning she took me out for a walk beyond the gates of Paris, and when we were on the high road towards Charenton, she stopped suddenly short, and handing me a basket with a few articles of clothing and provisions, and some money as well, she said, "Jules, you are a very bad boy, and so we must part. Follow the road before you. Go, my lad, and may God bless you!"

My mother then turned back, and as soon as I had recovered from my surprise I walked on, without, I am now ashamed to own, once looking round after her. She had shown severity, perhaps, but my own conduct denoted not a little callousness. I walked on for some distance till,

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in fact, I began to feel tired, and then my pent-up feelings found relief in a good cry, and I sat under a tree by the road-side (it was a glorious spring morning) and began to consider my position. It was, altogether, an eventful day for me, for, during a terrible storm that occurred soon after I had devoured the eatables contained in the basket, I should have been almost washed away, but for the shelter offered me by some men who were driving a van along the road, and who stopped by the wayside to take shelter under their van, such was the violence of the storm. By nightfall, when I had walked about fifteen miles, I found myself in the town of Brie-Comte-Robert, noted for its cheese, and here it was I put up for the night at an inn frequented by rather rough-looking peasants, who did not attempt to disguise the amusement my long black school coat caused them. Their manner, however, was kind, so kind, in fact, that I was very soon encouraged to tell them my story, as well as my determination to seek employment of some sort. "You will never get anything to do, my boy, with that long black coat on your back," said one of the party, and, in a very few minutes, I was induced to let him cut it a good bit shorter, and then, after a hearty supper, I was glad to seek rest in the scantily furnished room allotted to me by the good-hearted landlady of the place. Good-hearted, indeed, she must have been, for how else was the generosity to be explained which induced her, not only to forego making any charge for the accommodation I had had, but to insist upon my accepting a small sum of money, as well as a fresh stock

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of provisions for my basket. It was, therefore, with a comparatively light heart I set out in search of a situation, but as the inquiries I made in the centre of the town of Brie resulted in nothing, it occurred to me to apply at the barracks to see if the Gendarmes could give me a hint of any kind. Here, again, I had the same advice as that given by the friendly landlady, who had tried to persuade me to go back to my mother. All to no purpose, however, and I was about once more to proceed on my journey, when the sergeant, calling me back, told me if I was not too proud to accept a cow-boy's place he knew where such a boy was wanted. This, I need hardly say, did not sound like the realization of my dreams, but not being in a position to be proud there was little choice left to me, and asking for the address of the farm and a letter of introduction, I was soon on the way to the Château de Cossigny. To reach the château I had to cross a forest a mile long as night was setting in, and I did this, I remember, with my heart in my mouth, for boy-like I was timid when away from all human sound.

Never shall I forget that first night in my first situation, where, as a matter of fact, I was made to feel as much at home as I could be, being offered a seat at the supper-table in company with the farmer, his wife and two daughters, and the man who had charge of the stables. There was, indeed, such a lack of restraint about the entire proceedings, that I was emboldened to ask who played the different instruments I saw in the room (a flute, clarinette and

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violin), and the subject of music thus being touched upon, the evening ended in my playing several pieces on the violin, whilst the eldest girl contributed some French airs as her share of the evening's entertainment. If the previous night's bed had been hard and uncomfortable, what shall I say of my stable berth, which was the upper one, the lower and better one being occupied by the stable-man? In youth, however, one can rest almost anyhow and anywhere, and, as a matter of fact, I was still asleep in the morning when the stable-man aroused me and handed me a blouse, a pair of wooden shoes, and a drover's cap. Thus attired, I set forth on my duties, which consisted mainly in stable cleaning and taking the cows to grass. Farm life was so novel to me that I was in mortal dread of the poor beasts to begin with, but this fright wore off as I saw the stable-man pet them, by patting their fat necks and letting them lick his hands. I soon, in fact, grew too venturesome, for on attempting to ride a donkey that kept the cows company, this animal was butted by one of the cows and I had an ugly spill, which resulted in plenty of bruises for me.

Needless to say I refrained from further liberties with the frolicsome Fricotin, as the donkey was called. Supper-time and the sort of concert that followed made the days pass agreeably enough, especially as I ventured to ask for permission, which was readily granted me, to take the violin for practice into a hut in a corner of the park, where I used to sit and rest while the cows were grazing. I must have looked rather a ridiculous object with a shepherd's

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crook in one hand and a violin in the other, but I gave scant heed to such matters then, though thoughts of home and my mother often came to me in the midst of these rough surroundings. This very humble occupation was soon, thanks to the influence of M. de Cossigny, the lord of the manor, exchanged for something more congenial. Attracted, it appears, by my violin-playing, M. de Cossigny was led to make inquiries about me, which resulted in his questioning me upon several points himself, the upshot being that I was sent to fill the vacant post of junior clerk in the office of Maître Dulcori, the notary of Brie. This was promotion indeed, and I was not slow to appreciate it, especially as the notary's wife, who was many years her husband's junior, was very kind to me. But even this more creditable occupation was only short-lived, for a surprise awaited me one morning when I had been there but a few days. I was summoned from the office to the sitting-room, to find myself confronted with my father, who had come from Paris to fetch me home again. Sixty years ago travelling was not so easy as it is now, and, owing to my father's absence in the south of France, we had seen but little of him.

This meeting, however, called forth a deal of emotion on both sides, and it was some time before I was able to suppress my tears sufficiently to enable me to enter into the arrangements suggested by my father for our return to Paris by the diligence the next morning. On the journey I was sounded by my father as to my tastes and predilections, and

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when I unhesitatingly told him I had no vocation whatever for the priesthood (adding irreverently that I had been on my knees enough for one life-time), he, with the indulgence that was characteristic of him, replied, that he saw no reason why, music being my bent, I should not practise it, for a time, at all events, and await results. On nearing home I began to feel uneasy respecting the reception I should get from my mother, but once in the house, there was nothing to fear on this score, and the dinner proved a happy, peaceful time for us all. Nor did anything unpleasant occur for a long while to cloud the domestic horizon. Indeed, I was soon in high glee, for M. Ribard, a well-known music-master, and the conductor of some orchestral concerts given on Sundays at Choisy-le-Roy, was engaged to give me lessons on the violin. I was enrolled as violinist in the Choisy-le-Roy orchestra, a position I was proud to fill, seeing that I was but sixteen years of age. It happened that, about this time, the fortunes of the family were enhanced by the death of a rich uncle of my mother's, who left his money to be divided between his two nieces—my aunt Héloise and my mother. This sudden accession of wealth improved our position considerably, and every franc I had given to me by my father, or could coax out of my mother, I spent in attending good concerts, with an occasional theatre thrown in by way of variety.

I have already spoken of my mother's piety. Another of her characteristics was thrift, which is one common enough

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amongst middle-class provincial people in France, but in her case it may be said to have reached the point of miserliness, as the following little anecdote will show. I ought to mention that my mother, who was very fond of animals, kept what her friends called a singular trio, namely a small spaniel dog, a pretty gray angora cat, and a tiny Russian cock, and this happy family were almost inseparable, eating together, and playing and sleeping together, their bed being a large deep basket well lined, and comfortably padded with a loose cushion resting on a mass of odds and ends recruited from the bag of cuttings commonly used in families. Happening to cut my finger one day, I bethought me of the pets' basket for a piece of rag to bandage it with, and in rummaging over this my hand came in contact with something hard. This turned out to be a bag of five-franc pieces that had been hoarded and thus hidden by my mother. I remember to have had a box on the ear for making the discovery, besides being strictly enjoined never to divulge the secret to anyone—an injunction I obeyed, I need not say. On another occasion, when I went to a wardrobe in my mother's room, I came across an old sugar-basin full likewise of five franc pieces, but this time I took care to say nothing about it.

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CHAPTER II.

Summer holidays—M. René Lafleur—The salle Montesquieu—My first concert—Mdlle. Jeanne Loze—Auber and the Tolbecque family—Le père Musard and Reicha—Musard in London.

LIKE most youngsters of my age, I looked forward to the summer holidays, which meant, in our family, six weeks during the months of August and September being spent in the country, the time being generally divided into a fortnight passed with my grandmother at Nogent-sur-Seine, a fortnight at Sens with my aunt Héloise, and a like period in our own old village. They were happy times, though they yielded little to which it would be worth while to draw the attention of the reader. One incident, however, I will take the liberty of narrating. Railway travelling was then unknown, and we used as a rule to take the diligence which went from Paris to Nogent in one night, a distance of thirty miles. Sometimes we went by water, travelling by the "coche," a large boat plying once a week with goods, and having accommodation for a few cabin passengers, the journey occupying two days and two nights. A pleasant enough method of travelling, when journeys are undertaken for enjoyment. Nowadays, what preoccupies us most, is to rattle over as many miles as we can in a given space of

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time. The "coche" was towed along the bank by three or four horses, and, on one occasion, I remember, when the water was low, we stuck fast in the sands, and could move no further. It was a lovely clear night, so there was no panic, and as the skipper, if I may call him so, sent to a neighbouring village for extra horses, there was nothing to do but to wait patiently for the turn of events. But even with four additional horses we still remained embedded in the Seine, so there seemed no way out of the difficulty but to land the passengers in the small boats. The captain gave orders for this to be done, but it proved such slow work, that, when one batch had been landed another effort was made, and this time successfully, to float the vessel, the passengers just landed joining in the attempt by pulling at a rope attached to the mast.

Having arrived at Nogent in the morning, we were collecting our traps and preparing to start for the Hôtel de Jerusalem, when our dog, Sylvia, who always accompanied us, was nowhere to be found. Search was made high and low; my mother kept calling her pet, and I started whistling for it, but no sign of the dog could be seen, and we naturally began to fear the poor thing had been drowned in the night, and therefore proceeded sadly on our journey without it. It was Sylvia's shrill bark, however, that gave us our first greeting as we drove into the courtyard of the hotel. She had remembered our visit of the previous year, and, after the manner of sagacious dogs, had gone on in front as if to herald our approach.

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But for the sad recollections recalled between my mother and grandmother of the destruction of the hotel already related in the opening pages of this volume, these holidays at Nogent would have been without a cloud. But the charred beams were there to tell the tale, for nobody had ever been able to induce the old lady either to leave the place or to have it restored. Still, they were restful and also happy visits, though they did not contain the element of mirth that pervaded my aunt's home at Sens, where the presence of two cousins, Armande and Auguste, who were very near my own age, gave an air of gaiety to the house only found associated with youth. From Sens, as I have said, we went to Aix-en-Othe to finish our holiday, and at the fête of the village, held on the first Sunday in September, there was a general meeting of the Rivière family. It mattered not that the music provided for the dancing, held on the lawn that faced the church, consisted of a scratchy violin and a squeaky clarinette. The young people tripped it merrily, and were as happy as if the best orchestra in the world had been engaged for their benefit. What delights belong to youth!

Returning to Paris in the autumn to resume my musical studies, I succeeded in composing a set of quadrilles that I called "La Fête du Roi." Thanks to the kindness of M. Ribard, who was conductor of one of the large open-air orchestras engaged by the city of Paris to perform on Louis Philippe's Fête Day, the 4th of May, my set of quadrilles was performed by his band of sixty musicians, and achieved

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a fair measure of success. A few years later "La Fête du Roi" was published by my old friend, René Lafleur, and it is still, I believe, in print. At the time I speak of, M. René Lafleur, who was considered the best violin bow maker in Paris, had a shop of quite modest appearance in the Rue du Petit-Pont near Nôtre Dame; but, as his fame as a violin player and conductor increased, he removed to larger premises in the Rue des Petits Carreaux, and later again he migrated to the boulevards near the Porte St. Denis, where his business grew to such an extent that he made a large fortune, and was able then to indulge his bent, which was the cultivation of the artistic as well as the money-making side of the profession, terms that, as everybody knows, are not always synonymous. In this way, M. Lafleur organized an amateur orchestra society, of which I became the secretary. Practising took place in a concert-room called "La Salle de la Tête Noire," the conductor being M. Cornet. It was whilst I was engaged in this orchestra that I brought out my second composition, a set of waltzes, entitled "Héloise," after the name of an aunt, to whom I dedicated the piece, which was often played by the orchestra, and afterwards published by M. Lafleur. My advancement in the orchestra at this time became unexpectedly rapid, owing to the regrettable illness of M. Cornet, who, being obliged to give up his post as conductor, thought fit to name me as the most suitable member of the band to replace him, a position I held till conscription time came, when I was drafted into a regiment.

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Another old concert-room I well remember as existing half a century ago, was that where the Duval Restaurant in the Rue Montesquieu now stands, which is, as many of my readers will know, near the Palais Royal and the Magasins du Louvre. At the time I write of, the orchestra of the Salle Montesquieu, as it was called, was conducted by an Italian named Bosisio, and it was here that the Philharmonic Orchestral Society gave their monthly concerts. The conductor of the Philharmonic concerts was M. Loiseau, who likewise filled the post of chef-d'orchestre at the Théâtre Français, a position soon after held by the renowned Jacques Offenbach. The Philharmonic orchestra, which numbered about eighty musicians, was composed chiefly of amateurs, who paid a monthly subscription, the leaders alone being remunerated for their services. Owing to the recommendation of my professor, I was admitted, from the first, without any subscription fee. And capital practice it was, for I was amongst the second violins for one season, and with the firsts afterwards. I grew then so familiar with the repertory of overtures, symphonies, and other orchestral works of this society, that I have never since needed a score for conducting them, as I have every movement committed to memory. The leading violinist was Charles Dancla, who is still, I believe, professor at the Conservatoire of Music in Paris.

About this time, that is to say, when I was eighteen years of age, my father, who had more ambition for me, I think, than I had for myself, determined to engage one of the

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most noted violinists to give me finishing lessons, his choice falling upon M. Marque, who was one of the principals in the Musard concerts, then all the rage in Paris. Under M. Marque's tuition I attained sufficient proficiency to justify M. Musard in selecting me to replace M. Marque when this gentleman had private engagements to fulfil. Better practice than this no young musician could have had, and not to have profited by it would have denoted ineptitude. What with the interest taken in my pursuits by both parents, and the support and sympathy that were shown me in so many ways by my different masters, I was encouraged, at this early age, to organize a concert. For this purpose I obtained the permission of our neighbour, M. Loze, who was a veterinary surgeon, to use the large space at the back of his house for my al fresco concert. M. Lafleur kindly lent me the instruments and music-stands used by our society, and quite a number of professionals volunteered their assistance. As a few more brass instrument players were wanted, I applied to M. Paul Brick, the brigadier-trumpeter of the 4th Hussars, stationed at the Celestins barracks, to supply me with these, and he at once promised to bring six or eight of his colleagues with him to my concert. Fine weather favoured the entertainment, and a capital attendance was the result, the programme containing, in addition to several well-known compositions, Boildieu's overture "La Dame Blanche," and a new piece of my own, an overture, called "Simple et Gracieuse." The acquaintance thus begun

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with Paul Brick, and which was I am sure conducive to happiness on both sides, lasted to the day of his death, in 1884. From trumpeter in the 4th Hussars, Paul Brick became bandmaster, and years after he was drafted into the Guides' celebrated band, which flourished under the Empire; subsequently, and on his retirement from active service, being appointed conductor of the Municipal Band at Cannes, a post he held till his death, which resulted from heart disease. I was indebted for a deal of the success at this my first concert, to the efforts made by Mdlle. Loze, the daughter of the veterinary surgeon above-named, to secure a good attendance. Her assistance and kindness were invaluable to me, and it was in gratitude for these friendly attentions of hers, that I dedicated my new composition "Simple et Gracieuse" to her, as a fitting tribute to her sweet appearance. Her untimely end, from suicide, brought about by her parents' refusal to allow her engagement to a young man because he had no means or position, was one of the biggest sorrows my life had till then known. The poor girl was romantic—stupidly so, perhaps; anyhow, when her father intimated to this particular admirer that he must cease his visits, for the prospect of their union did not suit him, she at once left home, and sent a note to say she should give nobody any further trouble. Her body was dragged out of the Seine a week after, and many were the tears shed over the grave of the sweet creature we had all unceasingly sought from the day of her departure.

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It was a comrade as well as a friend I lost in Jeanne Loze, for we had been in the habit of practising together, on the piano and violin. After her death, which had a great effect upon me, feeling the necessity for some change in my mode of life, I resolved to leave the parental roof, and start a small home of my own, a proceeding I felt justified in adopting, as I was earning enough to satisfy all my modest requirements. Though far from rejoicing at this proposition, neither my mother nor father saw fit to oppose it, and I was soon installed in comfortable quarters at 21, Place Royale, near the Place de la Bastille, and two doors from where Victor Hugo then resided. My rooms, which were large and well furnished from my mother's stock, containing among other pet possessions the piano I made so little use of, commanded a nice view over a beautiful garden, and what with the relaxation from restraint that even the fondest mothers impose, often unwittingly enough I know, my new life became quite a pleasant one, especially as I found plenty of employment. Being a very good music copyist, I employed my leisure hours at this kind of work, and had often more on my hands than I could comfortably get through, whilst, by way of pastime, I took to rod-fishing, for the indulgence of which pleasure, not wanting to encroach upon my duties, I used to get up at daybreak. When engaged in this sport one morning, I had rather an unpleasant experience through changing, because the water looked clear and inviting, from rod to fly-fishing. Scarcely

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had I taken off my boots and left them together with a provision basket on the bank, in order to go into the river and have, as I thought, some really good sport, when a steamboat came along and so disturbed the water in its course as to send it up to my chin, besides carrying away my belongings from the bank before I could reach the shore to save them. My journey back to Paris, shoeless and soaked to the skin, was anything but a pleasant one.

It was at this early part of my career that I became acquainted with the Tolbecque family, and, as the mention of their name reminds me of Auber, and of his kindness towards them, I may as well here give the brief history of the early struggles of "The Tolbecque string quartett." These clever young brothers (they were four in number) were the children of poor parents, utterly without the means for educating them. Indeed, the boys, having natural musical talent, helped to support their parents by going into the streets to play and collect coppers. They chanced one day to play in Auber's garden, and the famous composer was so struck with their ability that he sent for them to be brought in to see him. On learning their history Auber magnanimously offered to obtain admission for them at the Conservatoire, and he helped them, at the same time, with money and in other ways. The Tolbecque brothers thus soon became great players, Jean Baptiste being, a few years after, and when Louis Philippe was on the throne, appointed conductor of the State concerts and balls at the Tuileries,

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composing during the time he held the position a deal of good dance music. The next brother, Jullien, was for many years conductor of the Variétés orchestra; Auguste came to England, where he was leader at Her Majesty's opera under Costa, Balfe, and others during the Lumley management, and Isidor Tolbecque, who was a celebrated violincellist, and to whom I shall have occasion again to refer, became conductor, in turn, of several Paris theatres.

Recollections of le Père Musard, as he was popularly styled, also occur in connexion with the events of 1837. M. Musard was then conducting promenade concerts under an immense marquee in the champs Elysées, where, in fact, the Café des Ambassadeurs now stands. In addition to being a composer of light music Musard was a very sound musician. He had studied harmony at the Conservatoire in Paris, where he obtained the first prize in 1831, his professor being Reicha, the man to whom all musicians are indebted for the best Treatise on Harmony that has ever been published. This book is still in use at the Conservatoire.

Amongst Musard's compositions were a number of trios, quartettes, and quintets for stringed instruments that were highly thought of at the time, and it was soon after he obtained his first prize in the Harmony Class that he published his Nouvelle Méthode de Composition Musicale." This work, which he dedicated to his teacher, was in two volumes. The preface to the first volume runs thus:

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A REICHA.

Toi qui fis briller le flambeau de la vérité dans un art qui, sans tes recherches, ne serait connu que d'un petit nombre, reçois, ici, le tribut de ma gratitude jointe à l'admiration la plus profonde de tes hautes connaissances. C'est avec crainte que j'ose aujourd'hui écrire sur une matière que toi seul, as su traiter. Initié par toi dans les secrets de cette science, il y a de la témérité à moi d'élever les regards jusqu'aux marches du trône où ton mérite a su te placer, mais elle peut être excusée, puisque tout l'honneur du bien que peut renfermer ce livre t'appartient.

Ton reconnaissant et dévoué élève,

P. MUSARD.

My library contains a copy of Musard's book, on the first page of which are the following lines written by Reicha:—

MON BON AMI,

Quelle surprise inattendue ne m'a-t'elle pas causé cette brochure que vous avez eu la bonté de me faire parvenir; et combien je vous remercie pour le témoignage éclatant et public que vous rendez si franchement, si généreusement et si noblement à mes faibles talents. Vous dire que j'en suis on ne peu plus flatté serait inutile. Mais ce dont je suis le plus fier, c'est que vous avez si bien profité de mes conseils pour pouvoir, à votre tour, les transmettre aux autres; et qui pourrait le faire mieux que vous? Votre application, votre pénétration, votre philanthropie et votre bonne foi en sont garants! Oui, je fais les vœux les plus sincères pour que votre enterprise soit couronnée de succès tel que vous le désirez, tel que vous le méritez à tous les égards.

Recevez, mon cher Musard, l'assurance de mon attachement, et de mon amitié inaltérables.

REICHA.

Musard, as I have already said, gave his concerts in the summer in the Champs Elysées; and in the winter, with

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his orchestra, which was a large one, consisting of eighty musicians of undoubted talent, he migrated to the Salle Valentino, in the Rue St. Honoré, the Nouveau-Cirque of to-day. These concerts were popular for a number of years, and deservedly so, for Musard was a very able conductor, besides being also a prolific composer. He had not good looks to help him; indeed, his face was disfigured by the marks of small-pox, but there was an irresistible charm in his manner, that made him a most interesting man to talk to. Musard had a style, too, of his own in conducting. He was original, not to say eccentric, and this was shown even in his attire, for he wore his black evening coat buttoned almost up to the chin, which alone gave him a very singular appearance. I have said that his output of work was considerable; and whenever either a new set of valses, or a quadrille of his composition was performed, the audience was certain to be large. Except when I was replacing M. Marque as conductor, I used to spend my evenings at the Musard Concerts, and thus I became acquainted with most of the leading members of the orchestra. This included such well-known men as Bellon, who was the leader, the solo violins being Remy and Deloffre, whilst, still among the violins, were men like Dancla, Lelong, Leonard, and Amet. Then, there were Pillet and Seligmann, the violoncellists; Durier and Loisel, the contre-basses; Bauller, who played the piccolo; Dorus, the flute; Dufresne and Forestier, the cornets; Dieppo, Simon, and Vobaron, the trombones, besides Pasdeloup, of concert fame, who played the kettle-

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drum, and Auguste, the bass-drum player. There were many popular items, I remember, on the programme in those bygone days, but none more so than the duets for violin and violoncello, performed by Deloffre and Pillet. It was natural, of course, that Musard's fame in Paris should soon become the talk of musical London, and, as a consequence, it was not long before he was engaged by a firm of musical publishers for several seasons of similar concerts in the metropolis. It was whilst crossing the channel that Musard, who was not generally considered an impressionable man, made the acquaintance of a lovely Irish widow, who ultimately became Madame Musard.

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CHAPTER III.

Jullien—His characteristics—His engagement at the Jardin Turc—His duel—*Les Huguenots*—His defiance of a police order—Warrant for his arrest—Sentence of the court—His flight to London—Rival tenors—Suicide of Nourrit—Fieschi's plot against the life of Louis Philippe—The conscription—"Bon pour le service"—Soldier's life—The garrison at Verdun—Playing the French-horn in the band—The camp at Chalons—*En route* for Lyons.

FROM Musard to the famous Jullien is but a step, and as the last-named was so popular for a series of years in England, I must claim my readers' indulgence for giving detailed reminiscences of him. I purpose depicting this world-famed man, exactly as he was when I first knew him. Jullien, who was the son of a bandmaster of the 32nd line regiment, played the piccolo in the band when a boy, and came to Paris with his regiment at about twenty-two years of age. He was also a good violin player. I have a vivid recollection of the first occasion on which I saw Jullien. He was conducting a modest orchestra of a dozen musicians at a ball at the Salon d'Apollon, situated at the Barrière Mont-Parnasse, and he was in the orchestra in his shirt-sleeves. The band used to play at that time a set of quadrilles composed by Jullien, and in which he had introduced a number of old French

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airs. "Rococo," for so the quadrille was called, was a great hit. This was in 1834, when gas light began to be used in Paris, and the proprietor of the Salon d'Apollon was one of the first to introduce the new light into his establishment. Jullien, who throughout his career aimed at novel effects, did not, of course, miss his chance of turning the gas to account, consequently he interpolated an old French air, "Il pleut bergère," into one of the figures of his Rococo quadrille, during which the gas was lowered, and leaves of brass tinsel imitating rain were showered upon the stage. So realism was not altogether unknown, even in the early thirties. Jullien's popularity grew fast, and at Carnival time he was engaged to conduct the orchestra at some half-dozen theatres for their Saturday *bals masqués*. In order to fulfil all these engagements he used to rush from one theatre to another in his cabriolet, which was easily recognizable, owing to the negro servant he had perched up behind, and thus he managed to conduct a quadrille at the Opéra Comique, and a valse at the Gaîté, Odéon, or elsewhere. Jullien seemed, in fact, to have the gift of ubiquity. At that time I was in the Gaîté orchestra as violinist, and I saw an immense deal of the popular conductor, who, however, in spite of his numerous and remunerative engagements, not only failed to amass wealth, but often left his musicians unpaid. I had good reason to know I was not the only member of his orchestra who had trouble with Jullien in this respect. He had moreover an amusingly lofty air with him, and when pressed for payment made a

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habit of referring the applicant to his "secretary," as if such mundane affairs as accounts were altogether beneath the notice of so great a man. It was, I well remember, to his secretary that he referred my mother one day, when, on meeting him, she took the opportunity of reminding him that he owed me a matter of some fifty francs for arrears of salary. As the result, probably, of my mother's complimentary reference to him as a "great musician," Jullien at once put his hand into his pocket and paid the overdue account. My mother had unconsciously, and probably quite unintentionally, flattered his vanity, and this was one of the vulnerable points in Jullien's armour. To the physiologist, Jullien would have been a most interesting study, for he was certainly a striking personality. He was a perfect example of the mental unsoundness of genius, having peculiarities of manner which were more than mere eccentricities.

In 1838 Jullien was engaged for a series of concerts at the Jardin Turc on the Boulevard du Temple, a building that still exists. He followed Jean Baptiste Tolbecque as musical conductor there, and I was engaged by Jullien as violinist for the entire season, the principal members of the orchestra being Remusat (flute), Lavigne (oboe), Le Cerf (clarionette), Beauman (bassoon), Paquis (horn), Messeurer (cornet), Dantonet (trombone), Prosper (ophicleide), and Artus (drums), some half-dozen of whom followed Jullien to London. These concerts, I remember, created a great sensation. They were the talk of Paris. The price of

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admission was but a franc, and the large garden was crowded every night to its utmost limit, not to mention the hundreds of people who flocked to the boulevard, remaining outside to listen to the music, just as the promenaders do now in the summer at the different open-air concerts in the Champs Elysées. A certain sensation was created during the season, first by the popularity of a new valse Espagnole, entitled *Rosita*, and then by the dispute that took place respecting the authorship of this composition. Some of Jullien's enemies—for like most popular men he had enemies—attributed this valse to one of Jullien's musicians, an old Italian, named Philiberti, who, as a matter of fact, had declared himself to be the composer of it. The affair indeed led to an unseemly discussion, which was commenced by another member of the band, a fellow countryman of Philiberti, named Capri, and in which Jullien was struck in the face by Capri. The regulation duel followed of course, but, to everyone's regret, Jullien came off second best. In the minds of those competent to judge, there was never any doubt as to the authorship of *Rosita*, for it was in Jullien's distinctive style, resembling in many respects his valse *Le Rossignol*, that was also a great favourite, and in which Jullien, who was a magnificent piccolo player, had introduced a solo for himself. There was the orchestral score too (which was sold to the publisher Troupenas) to show that *Rosita* was composed by Jullien. If, however, I could personally have had any doubt in the matter at the time, it would have been removed years later

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by an experience of my own that occurred when I was in garrison at Lyons, in which city this same Philiberti was engaged at the Casino. The conductor of the orchestra there happened to be Charles Gourlier, an old friend of mine, so I had no difficulty in getting him to take up a set of waltzes I had composed, and that for some time held a place in the Casino programme. Great was my astonishment, however, on returning to Paris after spending seven years in the army, to find my waltzes published by Marguerita, in Philiberti's name. Upon remonstrating with him, the fellow coolly owned to the theft, alleging as an excuse, that he was hard up at the time, and so had appropriated my score and sold it for *2l.*

Another incident in regard to Jullien, that occurred about the same period, is worthy of note. Meyerbeer's masterpiece, *Les Huguenots*, was new to Paris, where it had followed *Robert le Diable* at the Opéra, under the management of M. Véron, but it is no exaggeration to say the greatest stir made about this opera was due to Jullien, who, at the suggestion of Brandus, the publisher of the score, arranged a grand fantasia on *Les Huguenots*, introducing all the leading melodies, including the Lutherian Chant, La Bénédiction des Poignards, Le Massacre de la St. Barthélemy, and others. The finale, with its lime-coloured flames, produced an enormous sensation, the rolling of cannon and volleys of musketry being reproduced by the musicians with realistic and almost terrible effect. There was a reverse, however, to the medal, respecting this per-

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formance. *Les Huguenots* being put last in the programme, came on the stroke of midnight, and remonstrances became numerous from the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, who complained of having their slumbers disturbed by this volume of music. Needless to say Jullien took no heed of these complaints, till, one day, he received from the Commissaire de Police an injunction restraining him from continuing the performances of *Les Huguenots*. Jullien, who was not a man to bow to authority, totally disregarded the injunction, and went on with his selection, making, in fact, the bombardment louder than ever—popularity at any price being his motto. He had enormous bills posted all over Paris, announcing that *Les Huguenots* would soon be replaced by a Grand Pastoral Fantaisie of his own composition. Read from a distance there was nothing remarkable in the bills, but, printed in smaller type, between the big lines, were some strictures on the police and the Government, couched in most indecorous language. This act of bad taste on the part of the popular conductor met, as it deserved to do, with speedy punishment, a warrant being issued for his arrest. To escape the consequences of his rash conduct, Jullien fled to London, and was condemned, in his absence, to five years' imprisonment, or twenty years' exile. He decided for the latter and remained in England, where fortune continued to smile on him, much as she had done in Paris.

Celebrated also, though in a different way, were Nourrit and Duprez, two remarkable French tenors, who flourished

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at the Grand Opéra in 1836, contemporaneously with Grisi, Persiani, Rubini, Lablache, and Tamburini, who were at the Italiens. Nourrit, who besides being a splendid singer, was also a very fine actor, was chosen by the management of the Grand Opéra to create the principal rôles in *Guillaume Tell*, *Les Huguenots*, *La Juive*, *Masaniello*, and other grand operas. Nourrit, in short, was the lion of the hour, when, suddenly the musical world in Paris began to get interested in a young tenor named Duprez, who had made his *début* in Italy, and whose fame speedily spread all over Europe. Duprez was at once engaged by the manager of the Opéra, Rossini's *Guillaume Tell* being the work chosen for the new tenor's first appearance. Nourrit was so incensed at the engagement of Duprez, that he tendered his resignation to the management, and set out for Italy, accepting an offer to sing at San Carlo, in Naples, a few days after the *début* of his rival in Paris. Duprez had a wonderful reception, and speedily became more popular than his predecessor, whereupon Nourrit's jealousy increased to such an extent, that it ultimately turned to madness, poor fellow. The French papers, as he read them one after the other, were so loud in the praises of Duprez, that Nourrit, not able any longer to restrain his rage, deliberately went up to a top room of the hotel where he was staying, and threw himself out of a window. He was killed on the spot. Duprez, as it will be remembered, continued his brilliant career at the Opéra where, as principal tenor, he held undivided sway for more than twenty years. Ulti-

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mately, on retiring from the stage, he opened a singing academy, in which institution he still teaches.

Happening about the same time as the events just related, was a catastrophe of a different nature, and from which, unhappily, results still more appalling ensued. I am referring to Fieschi's plot against the life of King Louis Philippe, whose assassination the notorious Italian anarchist planned to encompass on the occasion of a grand review held by the king of all the troops in garrison in Paris. To carry out his scheme, Fieschi hired a room on the fourth floor of a house that the king was to pass, facing the Boulevard du Temple; and the infernal machine, a sort of mitrailleuse, was put in position close to the window where it would seem certain to strike the king. The explosion was heard all over Paris, and was the topic of general discussion till the wretch expiated his crime under the guillotine. The monarch escaped unhurt, but five officers of his escort, including General Danremont, were killed. The funeral of General Danremont and his brother officers, which took place at the Invalides, the mournful procession passing through Paris to the Père-la-Chaise, was a memorable sight for all who witnessed it.

Following shortly upon this, came an event in my career, which, though of importance to me, may be briefly passed over, conscription time being a period by no means prolific in incidents of general public interest to the reader. I confess to having seen the time approach with complacency, for I felt pretty certain of being declined for

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military service owing to my defective sight—an opinion, I may add, that was shared by my mother and the oculists we had, in turn, consulted on the matter. Consequently, it was without dismay in the year 1839 I saw the day for drawing the numbers approach. I drew the low number of three. When, however, a month later revision day arrived, and all the conscripts who had drawn low numbers were called up for examination before some half a dozen army surgeons (all specialists) a complete change came over me; for, after being examined, and hearing the question of my shortsightedness also discussed, I was astonished, as I retired to make way for another young fellow, to hear the ominous words, "Bon pour le service." I had not, and never had, I regret to say, the least military ardour in me, therefore the prospect of a soldier's life was one, I own, that inspired me with a feeling akin to terror. My parents were no less surprised than myself, and I well remember my mother, who was anything but a reckless woman with regard to general expenditure, making the suggestion of paying 200*l.* for a substitute for me; a proposition I refused to entertain for a moment, for I still held to the belief that, by appealing at the review to be held by the Inspector-General in eight or nine months' time, I should be released from further service. When however, it came to choosing a regiment, I decided for the infantry, stable work not being the least to my taste, to say nothing of the cowardly fear I had of being kicked by the horses, a feeling not uncommon, I believe, amongst

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civilians leading city lives. So, with a young friend named Bridou, I joined the 12th Regiment of light infantry in garrison at Verdun, near Metz, in order to be near Captain Jandier, a cousin of my mother's, who was in the same regiment. But for the companionship of Bridou I should have found that long diligence ride a very gloomy one, for railways were only beginning to be used then, and therefore were not general. In youth, however, one can make light of most things. It enabled us, for instance, to take no notice of the sneers of some of the commoner soldiers in the regiment; the uneducated, rough, country fellows who delighted in jeering at our Paris-cut clothes, and what they called our "city ways." As to the uniform, I can recall the discomfort I felt on wearing the clumsy shoes, and the coarse, ill-fitting suit, with its five-inches stiff high collar, that was in use at the time, as well as if it were but yesterday. I am, moreover, conscious of having cut a very ridiculous figure as a soldier, the finishing touch to my appearance being given when a gun was handed to me for use in defence of my country. I did not feel a bit suited to my new rôle. Patriotism is a very fine feeling, but it is a relative term, and therefore a sentiment that we do not all feel in the same way.

Unluckily for me, when the time came for my appeal, Captain Jandier, upon whom I had relied to help me in this matter, had exchanged into a Zouave regiment bound for Africa, so I had to bear my lot with the best grace I could. Of course, I soon learnt how, by means of tips to

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the sergeant or the corporal, to get into their good graces, but with the drill-sergeant it was a harder matter, as, for some reason, this man persisted in treating my short-sightedness as if it were a sham, and, in consequence of the mistakes I occasionally made, he reported me to the captain. Between the pair, therefore, I had not the happiest time; albeit, I resolved to obey all orders, and to keep my temper beneath control, a matter at times somewhat difficult of accomplishment. For what was called clumsiness at gun-practice I was humiliated by being sent to the kitchen as assistant cook, where I was to be kept, so the captain gave orders, till my sight got better. This change of work involved another variety of dress, and it was one that certainly did not enhance my personal appearance. No more degrading garb, except, perhaps, that of a convict, could be imagined; nor were the duties, which consisted of vegetable scraping and other menial labour that this new position entailed, calculated to reconcile me to a soldier's life. Still, I philosophized a bit, and in this way resigned myself to my fate. In spite, however, of scraping and peeling thousands of carrots and turnips, I did not realize the captain's desire, which would also, it is needless to say, have been my own, of recovering from my short-sightedness. Another unpleasant incident connected with barrack life, was a punishment of four days' arrest inflicted upon me for no other reason than knocking a fly from my face that kept buzzing about me at drill time one scorching afternoon. This involuntary and yet natural movement was called "moving in the ranks,"

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and, as I have said, it was reported and punished as such.

By the advice of Captain de Castellane, who was an intimate friend of Captain Jandier, I took the necessary steps to be admitted into the band of the regiment, my object in not previously mentioning my knowledge of music having arisen from my desire to get out of the service altogether as soon as I could. Captain de Castellane was the band president, and the arrangements for my transference from the ranks to the band being speedily effected, life at the barracks henceforth became tolerable, and even pleasant. There being no longer any need to conceal my musical aptitudes, I wrote home for my violin, and in due time received, not my old instrument, that was worth but 3*l.*, but a fine violin by Lupot, who was one of the best Parisian violin makers, with a splendid silver-mounted bow made expressly for me by our old friend Lafleur. My good old father had thought to add still further to my delight by sending a substantial money enclosure, which I found, together with an affectionate letter, in one of the side pockets of the case.

To be a member of the band was one thing, but to play a wind instrument was quite another, and when the bandmaster, an Italian named Signor Conterno, asked me to choose between the bassoon and the French-horn, I naïvely replied that I had no choice, and was willing to try either. It was therefore decided, as the second bassoon would soon be finishing his time, that I should take his place, and Signor Conterno, who was a good clarinette and bassoon

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player, undertook my instruction. The experiment proved a failure. I could get no music out of the bassoon, and so I turned to the French-horn, which, in those days, was an instrument without valves, and played by moving the right hand in the bell. Indeed, the cornet was the only valve brass instrument, and this had but two pistons—very different from those in use now. The French-horn seemed to suit me very well, and after a month's practice I managed to play a good part, for which I received extra payment. I found it an easy matter, also, to obtain permission to exchange the barracks for private apartments, and this enabled me to continue my studies on the violin, which, however, I had to do without tuition, there being nobody in Verdun with as much knowledge of this instrument as myself. Being also allowed to wear civilian dress after the hours of military duty, and to take my meals with the non-commissioned officers instead of with the rank and file, there was nothing much at this point of my career left to complain of.

My knowledge of music also procured me the pleasure of the acquaintance of the colonel commanding the regiment, which ended in my becoming a constant visitor at Colonel de Pourailly's house, where I played violin accompaniments for his wife, who was a charming blonde of extreme affability, besides being a very good pianist. Indeed, time in this way passed so agreeably, that, when the general inspection was held, I forgot all about my appeal for relief from service, and retained my position in

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the band, spectacles and all. Either from love of change, however, or from a desire to take a more prominent position in the band, I soon arranged to give up the French-horn, in which, moreover, I knew I could easily be replaced, and to turn my attention to the alto-ophicleide. And it so happened that, although we had eight bass-ophicleides in B flat in the band, there was not one alto in E flat, albeit an important part for this instrument was published in all the current musical journals, and the instrument itself, which was a good one with twelve keys, made by Muller, of Lyons, formed part of the band property. After a little practice, I attained what was spoken of at the time as remarkable proficiency on the ophicleide, and in this way my popularity with the officers of the regiment increased.

Still, the life at Verdun, that had begun so disagreeably, also ended sadly, for I was an eye-witness of the execution of a young trombone player belonging to a regiment of dragoons, who, for having struck the bandmaster with his trombone, was tried by court-martial, and condemned to be shot. A deal of sympathy was expressed for the young fellow, who, had been punished by the bandmaster, a German, for an imperfect rendering of a certain passage on his trombone, the punishment inflicted having been two days' confinement. This unjust and tyrannical treatment led the trombone player to commit the offence, for which he suffered death in presence of all the troops of the garrison, the different regiments being drawn up in a large square on the Place d'Armes, in front of the citadel, twelve soldiers firing at

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the word of command, and sending their comrade into eternity. The preliminary was first gone through of the sentence being read over to him, and the buttons torn off his coat. I shall not forget the scene. It was a very sad one.

In the summer of 1841, after a sojourn of two years at Verdun, the regiment was ordered to the camp at Chalons. Recollections of this place recall what seemed to me, and also to my companions of the time, to be an extraordinary stroke of luck I had whilst playing billiards at a place called St. Menehould; the remarkable circumstance being that I was a comparative novice at the game, for I was not, and never have been billiard player, and yet I won three pools of 15 francs each in succession, much to the chagrin of the other players, some of whom, I believe, were half inclined to suspect me of unfair dealing. I had been thoughtlessly playing with rather a rough lot of men, an experience, I need hardly say, that I avoided in future.

On reaching Chalons, after walking from twenty-five to thirty miles a day, we had to live under canvas for four months, which, to the born civilian, is anything but an ideal existence. However, the country round being picturesque, and the weather lovely, excursions in the neighbourhood made the time pass pleasantly enough. I was also still engrossed with the ophicleide, for proficiency in playing which I was soon promoted to be corporal in the band. Only about two-thirds of the fifty musicians composing the band belonged to the band proper, the remainder

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were civilians specially engaged, and well paid to play the solo parts. These civilians, I remember, were mostly foreigners, Germans and Italians predominating. Strange to say, I never came across a British subject serving thus in the French army. Amongst the compositions that engaged my leisure hours at this period were several marches that became popular in the regiment, one, in particular, for the full reed band with the addition of bugles and drums, being considered original and effective by the officers, with whom I was fast becoming a favourite.

It was whilst at Chalons that I took some of the longest walks of my life, and here it was also that my appetite assumed the dimensions known only to youth. I have a vivid recollection of one meal in particular that my young friend Bridou and myself ordered, and enjoyed, at a restaurant on the banks of the Marne, and the *pièce de résistance* of which was a fat goose that we demolished entirely. This sounds like gluttony, which of course it was, but the digestion of youth is a remarkable thing. However, as for centuries it has baffled the theories of the medical profession, it is needless for me to attempt to solve any of these mysteries of Nature. I should only hopelessly fail.

The regiment was ordered in the autumn to take garrison at Lyons, a journey that entailed a twenty days' march, with an occasional rest of twenty-four hours in towns like Troyes, Dijon, and Macon. During this march through the Burgundy district, I remember we passed the gates of

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the celebrated Clos-Vougeot, which is considered by most people to be the best Burgundy vintage in France. In accordance with an ancient custom, the regiment in passing in front of the distillery paid military honours. The inmates did not, however, return the compliment of our music by offering us a taste of their wine. After a spell of marching through bad, stormy weather, we ultimately reached the city of Lyons, and I had no sooner secured for myself furnished apartments than I turned my attention once more to my musical studies, and becoming acquainted with George Haine, who was conductor of the Opera House there, I was engaged amongst the violins in the orchestra for the winter season. It was whilst I was fulfilling this engagement that Donizetti's opera *La Favorite* was performed for the first time in Lyons. What an impression this music created, to be sure! The Wagnerian school was practically unknown then, and Rossini, Meyerbeer, Halévy, Auber, Donizetti, and others, were attracting and satisfying the millions.

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CHAPTER IV.

The garrison at Lyons—Musard again—Playing the bass drum—Promoted Bandmaster—The Arban brothers—The Luigini family—Omnibus catastrophe in a cyclone—The garrison at Nîmes—Bull fights and mosquitoes—The garrison at Cette—Disregard of military rules—A week's imprisonment—Regiment ordered to Africa—A mean trick to escape embarking—Left at the depôt—Playing the slide trombone.

GARRISON life was relieved in the spring of 1842 by the arrival in Lyons of le père Musard, who was engaged to conduct four grand orchestral concerts, and with whom I was very naturally delighted to renew acquaintance. The pleasure of the meeting was, I am sure, mutual, if for no other reason than that Musard, being a stranger to the city, was glad to get me to be his guide for a time. I had a place as violinist in his orchestra, and I undertook to look after his music for him. Enormous preparations were made for these concerts, and amongst the many prominent names on the posters, was that of the well-known cornet player, M. Dufresne, who was considered a wonder. It so happened, however, that the brothers Joseph and Cesar Luigini, two remarkable cornet players, were fulfilling an engagement at the Lyons Opera House, and when Dufresne

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heard their performance, and realized that he could not compare favourably with them, he pretended illness, and returned to Paris ostensibly for medical advice. What seemed to be an almost insurmountable difficulty in the way of the proper execution of a grand selection from Meyerbeer's *Huguenots* at these concerts was overcome, I remember, through my intercession, a small matter for which Musard was immensely grateful, as he had reckoned upon having great success with his selection. At rehearsal everything went well enough till the trombone solo in the romance *Plus blanche que la blanche Hermine* came to be played, when it was found that none of the three players could manage it, the first trombone player having an instrument in F alto, the second a B tenor, and the third a G bass. The piece was about to be discarded altogether by Musard, when I suddenly bethought me of a young Breton named Puchot in the 29th Regiment of the line, who had recently taken the First Prize at the Paris Conservatoire, and was a magnificent performer. It was the work of a very few hours for Puchot to be interviewed by Musard and engaged for the four concerts. In ratification of a promise then made in Lyons, Puchot, years after, became a member of Musard's orchestra in Paris, and for some time he was one of the nine trombone players at the Opera balls.

I have already said that it was ambition which led me to learn the alto ophicleide, but it was chance, and chance only that was responsible for my studying the bass drum.

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On a very slippery day in winter the man who was playing this instrument fell and broke his leg, the accident keeping him for three months in the hospital. The bandmaster, Signor Conterno, made a dozen or more of the men try, but, one after the other, they all failed. Even the principals in the band broke down. In a rash moment I offered to fill up the breach, when the bandmaster, in quite sympathetic tones, assured me it would not have occurred to him to ask a "little Parisian" like myself to tackle such a formidable instrument. I was inclined afterwards to regret my impulsive offer, for, during three long months I had to walk at the head of the band, playing *pianos*, *crescendos*, and *fortes* on the bass drum alternately in marches, overtures, and operatic selections. It was probably owing to the aptitude I had for quickly learning a good many instruments that I obtained one or two rapid advances at different times in my career. One of these unexpected promotions came about this period, just when in 1843 the War Minister issued a decree expelling all foreigners from band work in the French army. In pursuance of this order our bandmaster, Signor Conterno, had to resign his post, and no suitable substitute for him being found amongst the pupils of the military school, an establishment existing in Paris at that time under the title of the *Gymnase Musical*, for the purpose of training young bandsmen for the post of bandmaster, I had the temerity to apply for the appointment, which, with the aid of the band president, in addition to a kind word put in for me by the Colonel's wife, I suc-

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ceeded in obtaining. I was able, after this, to forget the resentment I had felt at being sent into the kitchen to scrape carrots and peel potatoes.

I was spurred on to fresh efforts in my new position, for it was my intention to retain it, and also to be on good terms with the officers of the regiment. Nothing, therefore, that perseverance or punctuality could accomplish was neglected by me, and as I wore the same uniform as the officers, and took my meals with them, and was, moreover, remarkably well paid, besides having leisure enough to fulfil an engagement as violinist at the Opera House, I soon grew to think that even a soldier's life could have charms about it.

It was while in garrison at Lyons that I made the acquaintance of the Arban brothers, who, in their different ways, were all remarkable men. Louis, the eldest, was the aeronaut of the day, and his ascents in 1842-43 created quite a sensation, till, like most balloonists, he went up never to be heard of again. This fatal ascent took place from a square in Madrid. The second brother, Charles, was proprietor of a grand casino in Lyons, called "La Rotonde," where concerts and balls were held all the year round. In addition to this onerous occupation Charles Arban managed to superintend a large manufactory of fireworks bearing his name, besides also finding time for certain ingenious inventions, one of which was a flying machine, that however, if I remember rightly, went no higher than the chimney pots when the experiment was tried in the gardens of La Rotonde. The lion's share of

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ability, however, in the Arban family fell to Jean Baptiste, who developed talent at a very early age, and became at once a remarkable performer on the cornet-à-pistons. I well remember Jean Baptiste Arban's appointment as cornet solo in the picked band that went out to St. Hélène on board the *Belle-Poule*, under the command of the Prince de Joinville, to bring back the remains of Napoleon I. for sepulture in the Invalides. This clever cornet player was also a particularly affable man, and instances of his good nature were constantly occurring. One that came within my own experience is worthy of passing mention, for it happened on the first day of our acquaintance, when no laws, written or unwritten, could have called for the gracious concession he made to play a cornet solo at a concert I was giving on a summer afternoon at the Salle St. Barbe. Arban, who was in his sailor's dress had neither cornet nor music with him, but I had no sooner made the suggestion for him to oblige us with something than he was ready to mount the platform with an instrument borrowed from the band, and to play the "Carnaval de Venise" with variations, which he did in marvellous style. Our friendship, which was sealed from that day, lasted for nearly half a century, till, in fact, the day of his death in 1889. Arban was always acknowledged to be one of the best cornet players in France. This was clearly the opinion of Jullien, who engaged him in conjunction with Kœnig, as the two soloists in his orchestra, when he was in the zenith of his popularity in London. Kœnig excelled in

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slow movements, but when what is called tonguing was wanted Arban had no equal. On his return to Paris he was appointed professor of the cornet class at the Conservatoire, a post he held till his death. Besides being a very fine player, Arban was also a composer of some note, his musical achievements consisting of cornet solos, studies, etc.; whilst to him the musical world is indebted for a book called Arban's "Cornet Tutor," which is still considered the best that has ever been published. As conductor also of the Paris Bals de l'Opéra Arban will long be remembered, for this is a post he filled for years, till in fact the winter of 1889, when he caught the chill which killed him. Arban, who had never been an extravagant man, amassed a comfortable fortune, which on his death went to his only daughter. Many were the projects he formed as we used to sit chatting together, of ending his days on the shores of the Mediterranean we both loved so well. And with this object in view he bought land enough to build two villas upon in Monte Carlo, occupying his leisure in superintending the construction of the houses; but, as I have said, he died in harness in the capital.

It was also when with my regiment in Lyons that I made the acquaintance of another noted musical family. I refer to Signor Luigini and his three sons, Joseph, César and Alexandre. The father for many years had been solo trumpet player at the Opera House, at the time when valve instruments being unknown, the slide trumpet alone was in use. As soon as the cornet-à-pistons was invented

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the sons took up the new instrument, at which they became experts; but Joseph was soon called upon to succeed to his father's position at the Opera, whilst the second post was given to César, and Alexandre, who was then very young, played the triangle in the orchestra. Joseph Luigini soon gave up playing for conducting, and for years he wielded the bâton in the orchestra of the Lyons Opera House. César Luigini, wanting to see the world, accepted a brilliant engagement as solo cornet at the Lisbon Opera, where he died soon after, and Alexandre then stepped into his brother's shoes, and from cornet player was soon appointed bandmaster of the Municipal band at Tarare, a manufacturing town not far from Lyons, where he still resides. And yet Alexandre Luigini failed, some years later, to please Londoners during an engagement under Jullien, junior, for a series of promenade concerts at Her Majesty's Theatre. Coming after Arban and Kœnig, who had been great favourites, Luigini, whose style was different, evoked no enthusiasm whatever. A similar result occurred, I remember, in the case of Delpech, the cornet soloist from the Monte Carlo concerts. Joseph Luigini was succeeded in his post of conductor of the Lyons Opera by his son, who is still there, and is moreover considered one of the best conductors in France. My musical library contains a number of Luigini's compositions, including his Egyptian and Russian ballets, which, with others of his pieces, often figure in my programmes. It was after leaving Luigini one day at the Opera, where we had

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been rehearsing, that I had a narrow escape from a terrible omnibus accident, which resulted in the death of several of my fellow-passengers. It was blowing a terrific gale at the time, and thinking to escape the force of the hurricane I took the omnibus following the banks of the Rhône in the direction of Perrache, where I lived. Suddenly a cyclone overturned the vehicle. With three other passengers I managed to escape, and together we clung to a tree, but we were horrified to see the omnibus carried along several yards by the force of the wind, after which it rolled down the embankment into the Rhône, where horses and passengers were drowned. The forces of nature are not only beyond man's control but also beyond his comprehension. Thankful though I was at my own merciful escape on this occasion, a terrible sense of helplessness depressed me and my companions as we saw our unhappy fellow-passengers hurled to their doom without being able to put out a hand to save them.

A fearful gale was raging too, I remember, when my regiment started from Lyons to Nîmes, and we had about twenty consecutive days' marching. The currents we had to cross were so swollen that, on one occasion, the water being above our waists, we had to retrace our steps and seek shelter in a village, where we were billeted in two's and three's on the quiet inhabitants. In other respects the change was an agreeable one, there being a picturesqueness and a charm, all its own, in this route which shows such a thorough change of vegetation.

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There is no need for me to describe a well-known town like Nîmes. Many of my readers will have seen for themselves the curious Roman ruins it contains, including the Temple of Diana, the Maison Carrée, La tour Magne, the Arenas, and the celebrated Roman baths with their fountains. With an eye to business always, as soon as we were comfortably installed in our new quarters, I set about finding an evening engagement, and I was not long in obtaining the post of first violin at the Grand Théâtre, where an opera company was performing, with M. Broukere, a Belgian, as *chef-d'orchestre*. At the same desk with me was young Calabresi, who afterwards become conductor of the Opera at New Orleans (U.S.A.), and who was subsequently appointed director of the Monnaie Theatre in Brussels, where he still is. Strange to say, the Nîmes *prima donna* was an Englishwoman, named Cundell, the possessor of a magnificent mezzo-soprano voice, and an excellent actress to boot. Miss Cundell, whom I met again in London some thirty or more years later, took the town of Nîmes by storm at the time I am speaking of by her singing of the rôle of Catarina in Halévy's *Reine de Chypre*. The leading tenor was Duluc, who had started life at Toulouse, as his parents had done before him, in the honest but humble calling of butcher, when somebody discovered that he had a fine tenor voice, and advised him to study music at the Toulouse Conservatoire. There is nothing of my experiences at Nîmes worth recording, for what I remember principally of the town was the bull-fights

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that I considered a sickening spectacle, and on which I invariably turned my back when conducting my band at the performances. I remember the mosquitoes, too, for they made my life a torture. There is evidently a deal in the association of ideas, for whenever the city of Nîmes is mentioned in my presence my mind instinctively recalls bull-fights and mosquitoes, to the exclusion, I am bound to own, of all the lovely Roman ruins the place contains.

From Nîmes the regiment went to Cette, a mercantile sea-port town on the shores of the Mediterranean, where mosquitoes flourished more abundantly even than at Nîmes. We reached the town in winter in the midst of a gale, and saw some thirty vessels of different nations trying to enter the port. Seven of them, however, were completely wrecked, and another, a Dutch vessel, was carried by an immense wave and thrown, or, rather pitched, upon the sands, where it remained for a twelvemonth before it could be floated again. There was not such scope at Cette for me to push myself forward in the musical world, for the town only boasted of a third-rate theatre, but, as neither the billiard-room nor the canteen ever offered any attraction for me, in order not to waste my evenings, I accepted an engagement in the orchestra of the theatre, and as I soon made the acquaintance of the *greffier* of the Tribunal of Commerce, a M. de Pleuc, and his family, all of whom were musical, the daughters being good pianists, and the father a very clever clarinette player, I had no occasion to regret this further change of quarters. I called a polka

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that I composed about this time Sidonie, after Mdlle. de Pleuc, dedicating it to her father, to whom I was not a little indebted for countless acts of kindness and hospitality. Before long I got to know all the musical people of the town, and as I joined their philharmonic society, we were able, with the assistance of a few of my bandsmen, to organize some capital concerts. In the summer I gave them on the water, just in front of the colonel's residence, the platform on which we performed consisting of three or four barges fastened together, each being decorated with Venetian lanterns and tricolor flags. The scene was a gay one, and the concerts were a great success. Poor M. de Pleuc was killed some time after this in a railway accident, and among the many friends who regretted his premature end, none, probably, had more reason for mourning him than myself. Disinterested affection is not common, and when death takes from us those who have lavished it upon us the wrench is a painful one.

An unpleasant incident that involved the sacrifice of my liberty occurred during my sojourn at Cette. Living on the mountain-side of the town, in one of the "baraquettes," or villas, was a gentleman who gave himself the sobriquet of Napoleon. On the occasion of his birthday this individual applied to me to supply him with a band of some fifteen men for the entertainment of his guests. The evening was a success all round, a good dinner, good company, and, what was generally admitted to be good music. When the hour for breaking-up came, our host determined

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to see us back to the town. Probably some of his guests wanted a little looking after, but certain it is that I ought to have remembered, when he asked me to let my band strike up a lively tune, that it was against the rules of the regiment for the band to play in the streets out of regulation hours. Possessed, as I always have been, with the spirit of discipline, I have never, to this day, understood how I came to forget the rule, but as I had to pay for my imprudence by a week's imprisonment, the circumstance made a lasting impression upon me. When appealed to by the commanding officer to explain the freak, I could, of course, do nothing but apologize. Military discipline having, however, to be observed, I was sent to prison for a week. The confinement within the narrow limits of a cell was anything but pleasant; still I got a certain amount of amusement out of reading the prose remarks and the verses of poetry, some witty, some ribald, and some sentimental, with which my predecessors in captivity had adorned the walls. Having, luckily for me, a friend in the adjudant, I was supplied with books and writing materials, and also with more bed covering. I was even in sufficiently good spirits to indulge in some practical joking with comrades passing under my window when I could do so without being observed. During my incarceration the general inspection of the regiment was made by General Feucheres, and as I had known him at Nîmes, when he entered my cell and recognized me, after inquiring the nature of my offence, he tapped me on the shoulder, and said, "Go out

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on duty again." Needless to say I did not want telling twice, but was soon in the central yard of the barracks, conducting my band, and having, as a matter of fact, suffered nothing but the loss of a little dignity from the three days' seclusion I had undergone. After this matters went on smoothly enough for a time, and just as I was getting used to my residence at Cette, an order came from the War Office for the 12th Regiment of Light Infantry to be ready to sail for Africa in a month. This did not fall in with my views in the least, for though desirous, as a rule, of seeing new places, my term of service having only another year to run, I did not relish the thought of being sent as far as Africa. To circumvent the authorities therefore, I devised the mean expedient of pretending illness, and in this I was assisted by a young Parisian friend, a medical student, named Philippe, who happened at the time to be assisting the surgeon of our infirmary. All that I had to do was to manage to look too low and weak to undertake a sea voyage, and with the aid of a clay pipe full of strong tobacco (smoking being a habit I had not then, nor have since, acquired), this was no difficult matter. The trick, which I have already owned to as a very mean one, succeeded so well that, upon being visited by the head doctor, I was, owing to my deplorable appearance, ordered at once to the hospital, where I remained under the care of Sister Marceline until the vessel conveying the troops had left for Algiers. I do not think Sister Marceline was taken in by my shamming, but she was kind enough never to betray

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me, and in return for this consideration I did what I could in helping her during the night watches with the sick and dying patients. It was, therefore, anything but a lively fortnight I passed in the hospital, but I was delighted to be able to finish my time in France. The band having accompanied the regiment to Africa, and only a depôt-battalion being left at Cette, I had to seek the advice of Major Breton, the officer in command, as to what position I could now take up, and in the end it was decided that I was to do what I could to form a fresh band. With the assistance of the few bandsmen who had been left behind, and a little training on my part of some recruits, this was easily managed. I took to the slide trombone myself in the place of the alto ophicleide, this instrument having gone with the band to Africa, and in three months we had quite a respectable band. I soon became on friendly terms with Major Breton, and as his wife and daughter were very musical my social pleasures left nothing to be desired. This family took a deal of interest also in the singing classes I organized amongst the soldiers, and which were held three times a week. The regiment was being supplied with musical instruments from Besson, the celebrated brass instrument maker of Paris, and when I wrote and asked him to let me have a good tenor slide trombone, for my personal use, at as low a rate as he could charge me, I was surprised at receiving a superb electro-plated instrument with my initials engraved on the bell, together with a most flattering letter, begging my

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acceptance of the instrument. This trombone, which, apart from the fact of its being a beautiful instrument, I valued for sentimental reasons, was, I regret to say, lost during the riots in Paris in 1848. I was then a member of H. Marx's orchestra at the Château Rouge, and was in the habit of leaving my instrument in the band-room. It happened that a regiment of dragoons took possession of the establishment during the Revolution, and, presumably, when they went away my trombone travelled with them. Anyhow, I never saw it again, and, strange to say, I have never since chanced to play a note on the trombone.

As the time drew near for my discharge from the army I began to feel sorry at having to part from Major Breton, the more so as he was good enough to express a deal of regret at losing me. He was soon after appointed colonel, and was subsequently made a general. I had but few opportunities of meeting Major Breton after I left the army, but it was a grief to me, in 1856, to see his name amongst the list of killed at the battle of Malakoff, during the Crimean War.

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CHAPTER V.

Leaving the army—Return to Paris—My marriage—Its unhappy results—Concerts at the Salle Bonne Nouvelle—Musard's last opera ball—His death—The Casino Paganini—M. Bernard-Latte—*Les Cosaques*—M. Cantin—Le Jardin d'Hiver—A triple quartette of slide trombones—Jacques Offenbach—A scrimmage with Offenbach.

THOUGH parting with my military companions was, when the time came, something of a trial, the return to Paris, and the reception given me by my parents, gave somehow an added charm to existence, and one it would be difficult for me to describe. A seven years' absence from home in youth is a long one, and a considerable change had, of course, taken place in my appearance, and this was the more noticeable owing to the military uniform I was wearing when my father and mother came to meet me, and to conduct me to their new home in the Rue des Boulangers in the Faubourg St. Germain. The house, of which they were the only occupants, was comfortable in the extreme, and my room, which had been most cosily arranged by my mother, presented quite an inviting aspect, for the dear, thoughtful soul had hoped to give me pleasure by putting my old piano in this apartment. As a matter of fact I had

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given up pianoforte playing during my military service, consequently, except that the instrument helped to adorn the room, it had no *raison d'être* there.

I had not been at home many days before my mother introduced the subject she had long been cherishing, and had more than once referred to in recent letters, of my marriage. Such of my readers as understand the system of early marriages abroad, arranged by the respective families of the contracting parties, rather than by the young people themselves, will not need to be told by me that this is one of the things they do not manage better in France. Having had experience of marriage both in France and England, I can claim to speak *en connaissance de cause*, and it is without hesitation I express myself in favour of the English custom of courtship. Dickens, I know, makes one of his characters (it is Mrs. Nickleby, I think) declare in this connection that it is best to begin with a little aversion, but I am not inclined to endorse this view. Like the conventional son, therefore, of conventional parents, I allowed myself to be introduced in the conventional way to a family of well-to-do commercial people owning a marriageable daughter they wanted to see settled in life. From the first, I was not struck with M. Zink, my prospective father-in-law, who was an Alsatian in a large manufacturing business in the enamel earthenware stove line. Nor, truth to tell, was I much fascinated by the pretty face and ample accomplishments of the daughter Caroline, but this lack of enthusiasm on my part arose, I thought at the time, from

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my preference for blondes, whereas Caroline Zink was a pronounced brunette. And yet, albeit I had not any marked predilection for marriage, and felt, as I have said, no irresistible affection for my *fiancée*, more to avoid thwarting my parents than anything else, I drifted, as many a young man has done before me, into marriage with a girl of whose nature and disposition I knew absolutely nothing. When, however, the nuptial knot was tied, there was a firm determination on my part at all events to make a success of the speculation (for, if the term lottery is applicable to English unions, it is still more so to those contracted in France) and such, for a time, it seemed to be. But I was doomed later, and from no fault of my own, to suffer man's greatest wrong. I drained the cup of misery to its dregs. The blow was almost as great a one to my parents as myself, for they felt that but for them this marriage with a frivolous woman would never have taken place.

Let me dismiss this sad subject, however, and return to my musical career. In partnership with Isidore Tolbecque, my own small capital not sufficing for such an enterprise, I took the Salle Bonne Nouvelle, on the boulevard of that name (on the spot where the Magasin of La Managère now stands) for a series of concerts and masked balls. We engaged the best talent we could for the orchestra, which included Arban and Boulcourt as cornet soloists, Boulcourt years after being solo cornet player at the Argyll Rooms in London under Laurent and Lamotte. We naturally looked forward to reaping a fine harvest during carnival time, but

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the Revolution of February, 1848, led to Louis-Philippe's Government being replaced by a Republic, and business of all kinds was brought to a standstill. We had, consequently, to abandon our scheme of balls and concerts, and after paying all contracts, which our capital just enabled us to do, I found myself penniless, and at the same time considerably discouraged at having to begin the world afresh.

On my return to Paris, after leaving the army, I naturally looked up some old friends, one of my first visits being for le père Musard, who was good enough to express great delight at seeing me again. I was struck by the change in his appearance. The gout, from which he was a terrible sufferer, had aged him considerably, and he looked, and was a broken-down old man. Despite the fact, however, that he had made a large fortune, instead of living quietly in his handsome villa at Auteuil, where he was mayor of the town and much respected, Musard persisted in coming to Paris to conduct the masquerade balls at the Opera, though, owing to the gout, he was unable to stand on his legs, which were encased in high furred boots reaching above the knees. I was present at the last ball conducted by Musard, and I shall never forget the scene. It was the custom in those days for the conductor, if a popular man, to be carried round the building in triumph, and Musard had always submitted to the process. Jullien and myself later had the same doubtful honour conferred on us, for protestation was of no avail. But on the occasion now referred to, poor Musard felt unequal to the ordeal, and this was explained to the dozen

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men who came to the front of the orchestra to take possession of him. All to no purpose! Argument was unheeded, and the tottering old conductor was dragged from the platform and hoisted on to the shoulders of a stalwart Pierrot, the procession taking its usual course round the opera house and the *foyer*, the crowd following and shouting "Vive Musard! Vive Musard!" Masquerading of this kind when practised on a young man was well enough, but it was more than the fast-waning powers of the veteran conductor could endure, and when I saw one of the processionists as they were nearing the orchestra, put his heavy brass helmet with a bang on to Musard's head, it seemed to me as if the last flicker of his life must die out. As a matter of fact he fell back exhausted in the orchestra, from which he was quietly borne, not in triumph this time, but by friends who in sorrow gently put him into his carriage, which he was destined never to use again at the opera. The poor old conductor lingered on for some years, and a terrible impression was made upon my mind the last time I visited him at Auteuil with some friends. He was sitting on a wooden seat in the garden all alone, bent double with infirmity, and with a vacant look in his face that too plainly betrayed the loss of his reason. To those of us who had known Musard well the news of his death came at last as a relief rather than a sorrow. The large fortune amassed by the famous conductor was inherited by his son, Alfred Musard.

During my lesseeship of the Salle Bonne Nouvelle, I made the acquaintance of one of the leading music pub-

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lishers in Paris, M. Bernard-Latte, whose place of business was on the Boulevard des Italiens at the corner of the Passage de l'Opéra. In the afternoon his shop was the rendezvous of all the leading musicians and journalists of the day. Here in turn, I met Auber, Rossini, Meyerbeer, Donizetti, Adam, Halévy, and Fiorentino among others, all of whom were intimate friends of Bernard-Latte the publisher of *Norma*, *Lucia*, *La Favorite*, and scores of other popular operas. Bernard-Latte and myself were soon very fast friends, and when he became lessee of the residence of the Duc de Padoue in the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, and transformed the place into a splendid hall and garden, which he called the "Casino Paganini," it was to me he applied to conduct the orchestra for him, a position I was only too glad to accept, having regard to my recent money losses. At once I set about engaging a good orchestra of forty musicians, among the principals being Chevalier (violin), Bousquet (flageolet), Genin (flute), Selmer (clarinette), Lemonier (horn), Schlotmann (cornet), Rome and Richir (trombones), and Richard (ophicleide), all noted performers. The new Casino proved a great success, and its prosperity continued till the ground was bought by the company of the Chemin de Fer d'Orléans, and converted by them into their central office. It was during this engagement that I became one of the original members of the Society of Composers of Music, and from which, by right of seniority, I receive an annual pension.

When the exhibition of 1855 was held, I obtained, for

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the firm of which M. Zink was the head, a good space in the building with a view to carry out an idea that I thought might succeed. My plan was to have an immense chimney-piece constructed of black marble. This was handsomely sculptured, and ornamented with three very large panels of white enamel earthenware; and, as the Crimean war was at its height, it occurred to me to have the panels representing Turkey, France, and England, painted by one of the first artists in Paris. This was very successfully carried out, the chimney-piece was awarded a first-class medal, and was bought with its three panels by the Government for one of the rooms of the Ministry of War, where I believe it still is.

Compelled to move from the Casino Paganini, owing, as I have said, to the expiration of the lease, M. Bernard-Latte transferred his orchestra to another large concert hall. This building, which was called the Salle Ste. Cecile, was also in the Chaussée d'Antin. The entertainment was conducted on similar lines, with the same degree of success. It was soon after this change had been effected that war between France and Russia was declared. This suggested the idea of a military spectacle, called *Les Cosaques*, which was performed with enormous success at the Porte St. Martin. The piece contained a national song that became very popular, and in composing a set of quadrilles, to which I gave the name of *Les Cosaques*, I introduced the famous melody. I sold it, as I had sold many compositions before, for 5*l*. Lafleur told me that he soon made a clear profit of

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500*l.* by my quadrille. Fortunately for me, it was performed almost everywhere, and so an appreciable sum came to me in fees from the Society of Composers.

While I was conducting the orchestra at the Salle Ste. Cecile, I engaged, as principal viola, a clever young musician named Cantin, to whom a painful accident happened one night, when, between the parts, he was playing a game called "Toupie Hollandaise," which is a sort of table skittles. In spinning the top that was to knock down the skittles, the string became entangled somehow round the middle finger of poor Cantin's left hand, and his finger got so dreadfully torn, that it had to be amputated at once. Viola playing being now out of the question, this promising young musician had to set his wits to work and seek employment of another kind. He first became clerk at an agency, and when, a little later, the theatre *Folies-Dramatiques*, which had landed several proprietors in bankruptcy, was to be sold, Cantin, having got a little money together, bought the lease, and exerted himself to the utmost to make his new speculation pay. It was up-hill work for some time, but he happened to come across Lecocq, and though the composer was till then unknown, fortune, at once, smiled on both. Lecocq had just finished *La Fille de Madame Angot*, which he offered to Cantin for the *Folies-Dramatiques*. I need not recall what a long run this operette had in Paris, in the provinces, and, indeed, all over the world, for it is too well known to need recapitulation. *La Fille de Madame Angot*, which was a fortune in itself, was followed by *Madame*

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Favart, Giroflé-Giroflá, Les Cloches de Corneville, La Fille du Tambour Major, La Mascotte, besides other equally successful works, and Cantin soon amassed an enormous fortune, and was able to buy a splendid country residence at St. Mandé near Paris. He also built for himself the magnificent house on the Boulevard Péreire which, for the past few years, has been the residence of Sarah Bernhardt. With a view to enjoying life thoroughly, Cantin set up a pretty villa at the Cap d'Antibes on the shores of the Mediterranean, and it is there I have been in the habit of meeting him every winter, when I go in search of the warmth not to be found in London or Paris. In talking over old times, Cantin, who, I regret to say, died in April last, invariably declared that the loss of his finger was the origin of his fortune, and so it practically was. Fate works very mysteriously sometimes!

In the year 1856 I became conductor of Le Jardin d'Hiver, or Winter Garden, a magnificent establishment in the Champs Elysées, where, with an orchestra of eighty musicians, I had plenty of scope for the enterprise I possessed. One of my first projects was to organize monster Sunday afternoon concerts, for which I engaged a full military band to play in conjunction with my orchestra, and as in addition I had first-class solo vocalists, these concerts became the rage. *Bals de nuit* were also frequently given with a like success. While I was conducting these concerts at the Jardin d'Hiver, I carried out the novel idea in one of my programmes of having a triple quartett of

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slide trombones, that is to say, three players to each part. I was on very friendly terms, at the time, with Dieppo, the celebrated trombone player, who was principal at the Opéra, and professor at the Conservatoire. Dieppo, who was a native of Denmark, had come to Paris at a very early age, and soon attained celebrity, becoming, in fact, the greatest trombone player that ever lived. Besides composing numerous solos, studies, exercises for his favourite instrument, he published a tutor for the slide trombone, which is still in general use, because it is considered the best on record. Chatting with Dieppo one day, I learnt he had arranged some trombone quartetts, and it occurred to me that I might make something of a sensation by introducing them at my concerts with three players to each part, making twelve in all. And as, for such a scheme, I needed good performers, I engaged only those who had obtained a first prize in Dieppo's class at the Conservatoire. My plan delighted the handsome Dane, and it was arranged that he should himself conduct on this occasion. The three pieces selected were the septuor from *Lucie*, the Fisherman's Prayer from *Masaniello*, and Johann Strauss's valse *Philomelen*. Playing a valse on a trombone was certainly a *tour de force*, but it was most successfully accomplished, and the performance was a triumph. I put the twelve trombone players in a semi-circle in the orchestra, with Dieppo in the centre, and the effect was singularly striking. I am unable at this lapse of time, and having no notes to go upon, to recall the names of all the players, but

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among them were Rome, Richir, Dantonnet, Simon, Vobaron junior, Venon, Puchot, François, Moreau and Sauret (father of Emile Sauret, the great violin player, professor at the London Academy). Many years after, I re-repeated this performance at the Alhambra, on the occasion of one of my annual benefits, but I did not again venture upon a valse. I replaced it by the quartett from *Rigoletto*.

It was also about the year 1856 that I made the acquaintance of Jacques Offenbach. The famous composer, who, as everybody knows, was a native of Germany, commenced his career in Paris as a violoncellist, this being the instrument he played at theatres and concerts on his first arrival in the French capital. When Loiseau resigned the post of *chef-d'orchestre* at the Théâtre Français Offenbach succeeded him, and it was whilst fulfilling this engagement he began composing short pieces as entr'acte music. Many of these compositions were both original and pretty, terms that are not always interchangeable, and their author speedily became a celebrity. Amongst the earliest successes of Offenbach was a one-act operette called *Pepito*, that he had been specially commissioned to write for the Variétés Théâtre. The popularity of this operette was entirely due to the music, and it was followed in a very short time by *Les Deux Aveugles*, which was also a musical success.

Offenbach then left the Théâtre Français for Les Foliès Marigny, a small theatre in the Champs Elysées, where his operettes were exclusively performed. And subsequently he was appointed director and conductor of the Bouffets

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Parisiens, a position he held for a great number of years, to the delight of the public that rushed to hear his works, and also much to his own profit, for he soon amassed a considerable fortune. Like most talented men, Offenbach had an unequal disposition, as an incident that occurred to myself will illustrate. It so happened that for one of my Sunday afternoon concerts at the Jardin d'Hiver, I wanted to engage a popular singer named Darcier, who was at the time fulfilling an engagement with Offenbach. I wrote in the usual way to ask the maestro for his permission, and this was so cordially granted, that I at once advertised Darcier's name largely in the newspapers, and on the posters as one of the principal attractions of my concert. Great was my surprise, therefore, to learn from Darcier, the day before the date fixed for the entertainment, that Offenbach had forbidden him to sing for me. Not in the best of tempers I called in the evening to see Offenbach at the stage door of the theatre, and asked him for an explanation, but, as this was not forthcoming, and as my rage, I suppose, was increasing, from words we soon came to blows. It was an undignified scrimmage, of course, as all such scrimmages are but, in moments of passion men sometimes lose self-control. Except that we each had to look for our hats that had rolled upon the floor, to set our collars in order, and pick up the spectacles that each had lost, no serious results ensued from the undignified scuffle that had taken place. I did not, however, see anything of Offenbach for some years; not, in fact, until I met him at the Alhambra in London,

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when, as he made the first advance towards me, by offering me his hand, we agreed to let bygones be bygones. After that we were the best of friends, our friendship lasting to the hour of his death.

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CHAPTER VI.

Concert at the Jardin d'Hiver on the anniversary of the Prince Imperial's birth—A mark of Imperial favour—A family bereavement—M. Daudé—Fête at Asnières—Departure for Brussels—Touring concerts in Belgium—Gambling losses at Spa—Break up of tour—Sailing for England.

WHAT was spoken of at the time as the grandest concert that had ever been given in Paris was the fête I organized at the Jardin d'Hiver in March, 1857, on the anniversary of the Prince Imperial's birth. I enlarged my stringed orchestra for the occasion to 200 musicians, and obtained, moreover, permission from Maréchal Magnan, who was in command of the garrison of Paris, for all the bands of the various regiments—infantry, cavalry, and artillery—garrisoned in town and in the forts, to take part in the concert. The letter written by order of Maréchal Magnan, in which he gave me his consent, is one of the few documents I have preserved. It runs thus :—

MONSIEUR,

Le Maréchal Magnan me charge d'avoir l'honneur de vous informer qu'il a donné les ordres nécessaires pour que dimanche prochain au Jardin d'Hiver, toutes les musiques de la garnison

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de Paris et des forts environnants vous prêtent le concours que vous désirez.

Recevez, Monsieur, l'assurance de ma consideration distinguée.

Le Capitaine aide-de-camp,
COMTE DE CLERMONT TONNERRE.

In preparation for this event I had composed a military quadrille, called *La Guerre*, which was an allusion of course to the siege of Sebastopol. I had all the parts published by Lafleur, and printed on cards for distribution amongst the bands, and there being an important part for bugles in the quadrille, I had to get permission for the Clairons des Zouaves de la Garde to attend. The forty drums, also needed, were forthcoming, with a tambour-major in command, and, at the suggestion of Maréchal Magnan, a detachment of a hundred Grenadiers de la Garde was posted outside the concert room; these men, at a signal from me, and with a view to increasing the effect, firing blank cartridges in the air during the last figure in the quadrille. We had a long rehearsal on the preceding day, and the performance, which went very smoothly, was a tremendous success, 10,000 persons attending. Another piece I composed, also, for this concert, was a cantata entitled *Hymne à la Gloire*, the words of which, couched in thrilling and martial language, were written by a member of Parliament, M. de Belmontet, one of the intimates of the first Napoleon, and the poet who was considered the Poet Laureate of France under Napoleon III. Darcier sang the four verses, and I introduced in the finale the *Partant pour la*

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Syrie, which was at the time the national air of France. All the military bands joined the orchestra in this piece to the number of 1200, and it had the honour of an encore. The Emperor and Empress were present at the performance, and the sight of the Winter Garden, resplendent with the brilliant military uniforms of the gentlemen, and the dazzling display of diamonds on the part of the ladies, was of the most imposing kind. The next day an equerry drove up in one of the Imperial carriages to my door, to present me, on the part of their Majesties, with a signet ring in commemoration of the event. I have worn this ring on my left hand ever since. In passing I may here recall the fact that the Emperor and Empress had undertaken to act as sponsors to all the children born in France on the same day as the Prince Imperial. No fewer than 3834 notifications of birth were sent in, a number known to be in excess of those actually born on the day, and I was assured some years ago that most of these god-children had, at different times, and in various ways, sought Imperial assistance or protection. One, however whose baptismal certificate I know bears date March 16th, 1856, has not only never solicited imperial help, but has, unaided, attained a certain celebrity. I refer to Gangloff, the composer of popular songs, whose speciality it happens to be to write for Paulus of café concert renown.

The mark of imperial favour of which I had been the recipient after my concert, did much no doubt to dispel the gloom that had been cast over me and my family by the

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harsh treatment of which my cousin Auguste Rivière had been the victim after the Coup d'Etat in 1851. This cousin, who was an *avocat* by profession, and a Republican by conviction, had attained much celebrity in defending conspirators against the Empire in the Courts of Justice, and when the Coup d'Etat took place, he was arrested and taken to a cell at the fort of Bicêtre, where, in spite of such attention as we were able to bestow upon him, and which comprised sending a man to him daily with a can of good soup, he suffered terribly during his captivity from the severity of the weather. At the trial, despite all argument, Auguste Rivière was condemned to transportation, and it was not until he had been sent to Brest, to be in readiness for embarking for La Guyane, that the result of the efforts made by the Archbishop of Paris, who interceded with the Emperor, and by my mother, who appealed to her god-mother, the Duchesse d'Uzes, were communicated to the poor captive, who was ultimately released, and brought back to Paris, only, however, to die a few months after from shock to the nervous system. Pleasant memories of this clever barrister, whose life was thus shortened, have remained in the Rivière family; memories that are cherished in particular by his sister Armande, a woman who was a great beauty in her time, and who is now the widowed Comtesse de Chabet, her husband, the Comte Chassaing de Chabet, having died soon after the German invasion of Paris in 1870, when their residence at Puteaux was destroyed by the firing of the German army.

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I became acquainted in the early fifties with M. Daudé, the manager of the Jardin d'Hiver, a clever and affable man, who was also a good musician, and the particulars of whose early career may interest some of my readers. From being a chorister boy at the church of St. Sulpice, Daudé soon developed exceptional talent, and becoming leading baritone at the Opera Comique, he, with Ponchard the tenor and Madame Casimir the soprano, made a great hit in Herold's *Pré aux clercs*. Retaining this position, Daudé, who had married the daughter of Mayo, the music publisher, seemed to be on the high road to fortune, when his professional career was suddenly blighted in the saddest manner conceivable. Returning with his wife on a cold winter's day from St. Germain, he had the misfortune to see her crushed to death before his eyes by a fall as she was alighting from the train at the Gare St. Lazare. The poor fellow caught such a chill as he stood bareheaded over his wife's grave that his vocal strings became affected, and, from that day Daudé was never able to sing another note of music. He became in turn manager of concert halls and theatres, and after that, his integrity being proverbial, he was given a position of considerable trust at the Maisons-Lafitte and other racecourses. In this last-named capacity Daudé made a fortune rapidly, and he passed the last years of his life at Chatou, dying at the ripe age of 85.

It was whilst Daudé was manager of the Jardin d'Hiver that I first made his acquaintance, and it was also at this building that success tempted me, as success has

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tempted many ambitious mortals before me, to further ventures, and in one of these I lost all the money I had been able to save. I took the château and park of Asnières for a grand summer fête, calling it the Foire aux Plaisirs. The preparations comprised a monster concert, a ball with military bands, balloon ascents, boating, races, fireworks, in short, all kinds of amusements. In advertisements alone I had expended a small fortune. The day opened well, a good number of people passing the turnstiles early in the day; but it was evident, the day being Sunday, that the majority of visitors were reserving themselves for the evening fête, and this was completely marred by a terrific storm that broke out at six o'clock and lasted for hours. Utterly discouraged, I left Daudé, my friend and partner, to pay all he could with the gate money in hand, whilst, in despair, I repaired to our hotel to await the news on his return. This money loss was a sad blow to me; and as with it came a domestic trouble of an irreparable nature, and to which I have already referred, sick at heart I hastily packed my trunks, and in twenty-four hours' time found myself in Brussels, entirely without funds, and, what was even worse, without any set project for my future. Sympathizing letters and money help soon, however, came pouring in upon me from various relatives, and, on meeting by chance young Meissonnier, the son of one of the leading music publishers in Paris, we arranged to organize some monster concerts in the principal towns of Belgium, Meissonnier himself undertaking to provide the capital and take the responsibilities of

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management, whilst I was to be *chef-d'orchestre*, and to share with him all profits accruing from the venture. The scheme was at once started, and I wrote off to Lafleur to send me the band parts of my quadrille, *La Guerre*, and also the *Hymne à la Gloire*. We commenced operations at Brussels by getting the permission of the burgomaster to hold a concert in the park, for admission to which a franc was to be charged. This proposal being without precedent, the burgomaster had first to consult his colleagues, and when the concession was made in our favour, there was a stipulation that one-fourth of the receipts should be devoted to the poor of Brussels. We obtained also the sanction of the general commanding the army in Brussels for all the bands to appear at our concert, upon our paying a hundred francs to each; and after arranging with the different bandmasters, the next thing that occupied our attention was the orchestra. This involved rather more difficulty, but ultimately we came to terms with the orchestra of the opera at the Théâtre de la Monnaie. Whilst I attended to the rehearsals, Meissonnier was busy with the advertisements, and everything seemed to promise well for our concert, for which we had a tremendous platform erected on the large basin in the centre of the park. Being in Belgium, instead of Paris, I substituted *La Brabançonne* for *Partant pour la Syrie* in my *Hymne à la Gloire*. The weather this time was propitious, and on settling accounts, after we had paid all expenses, we were left with 40*l.* to divide, which we considered a good start.

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From Brussels we went to Ostend, to hold a similar concert there; but this time we encountered more difficulty in finding a suitable place, and we ultimately decided to erect a platform on a piece of land adjoining the public promenade by the sea front, obtaining permission of the colonel commanding the line regiment in garrison at Ostend to let a company attend the concert, and prevent people from passing along that part of the promenade in front of the band-stand without payment. A *contretemps* unfortunately occurred that necessitated the postponement of the concert from the date originally fixed. This arose from Meissonnier, Choudens, and myself being poisoned by some mussels we ate at a restaurant luncheon. When, however the following week, we were busy again with our plans, the burgomaster informed us that we could not have the company of soldiers promised by the colonel, for the promenade must not be stopped. We learnt, moreover, that the sailors in the lower part of the town had threatened to smash everything if their passage along the sea front was in any way impeded. Having sold reserved seats enough at three francs each to cover expenses, we decided to run the gauntlet, and when the day came we hired all the bathing machines, and with them made a sort of wall at each end near the orchestra. All to no purpose, for when the hour to begin the concert drew near, the mob had taken possession of the reserved front seats, and everything was confusion. We did the best we could under such trying

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circumstances, but in settling up matters there was only a very small profit to share.

From Ostend we journeyed to Spa, where gambling was largely practised at the Kursall in those days. Here we selected the Rond-Point of the Promenade for our concert, making arrangements, at a moderate price, to have the orchestra belonging to the Casino, in addition to military bands from Liège, Gand, Namur, and Louvain. Fortunately, we paid many of our expenses in advance. I say fortunately, for, after the manner of many foolish visitors to a gambling city, we were stupid enough to fill in our spare time at the roulette tables. I am not sure that I was not idiot enough to think we had discovered a wonderful system, merely because for a day or two I managed to win 6*l.* or 8*l.* It is hardly necessary, I suppose, to say that my system landed me where other systems have landed players; namely, in complete loss. This was my plan:—Black having won six times, I staked on red, doubling the stake each time. In about ten minutes Meissonnier and I were literally cleared out, black having come up twenty-two times in succession. And it was on the eve of our concert that we found ourselves leaving the Casino and going out at night into the fresh air without a coin in our pockets. We had a good attendance at the concert, but our losses at roulette, which amounted to 300*l.*, made us decide to dissolve partnership. Meissonnier, consequently, returned to Paris, and I stayed on at Spa till my friend

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Daudé let me know how matters were going on at home. Acting on my behalf, he had paid my creditors in Paris 13½ per cent.; and the whole of the remainder, I may here state, was paid by me as soon as I made the money. I thus got rid of all my indebtedness, without, I may add, a single debt of any kind, small or large, being pressed for by anybody. After staying for a time with the family of M. Marquet, an architect of Spa, I decided to leave these new friends and try my luck in London. I sailed for England in November, 1857, embarking from Antwerp in the boat called the *Baron Ozy*, in which, I remember, I had a very rough crossing that lasted twenty-four hours.

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PART II.—ENGLAND.

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CHAPTER I.

Arrival in London—General impressions of the Great City—Learning English—Renewal of acquaintance with Julien—Berlioz's opinion about Jullien—Hymn of Universal Harmony—Julien's decline—His return to Paris—His madness and tragic end.

It was on a cold, foggy, and depressing November morning that I landed at the docks in London. My English vocabulary consisted of about half a dozen words. I was glad, therefore, on leaving the boat to meet with someone with whom I could converse, and as my fellow-traveller, who was a German, addressed me in French and volunteered to assist me, I gladly accepted his offer by asking him to recommend me to an hotel in a central position, where I could have a room at a moderate cost. Assuring me that he knew just the place to suit me, I had my luggage put on the top of a cab, and was duly conducted by my Teutonic guide to an hotel in the Commercial Road, Whitechapel. What a long drive it seemed, to be sure! And what a place it was when we got there! It was a small, dirty-looking hotel, kept also by a German who could speak French. On

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being ushered into a room, I was offered one of three beds, but when I learnt that one of them was occupied by a sailor, and that the other would probably be let before night, I preferred (a room to myself, I found upon inquiry, being impossible) to pay for the bed, and to decline occupying it. Consequently I had my luggage once more put upon a cab and tried my luck this time in Leicester Square, a neighbourhood I had long heard of. I managed, without much difficulty, to make the cabman understand it was an hotel I wanted, and ultimately I was set down at the New York Hotel, where a by no means luxurious room was allotted to me at the top of the building. The fatigues of the journey, and the dreary drive through bustling London streets, having induced sleep, I went to bed directly after dinner, and slept for twenty-four hours, waking only once to look at my watch, and then making a mistake of twelve hours, by thinking it was 4 a.m. when it was 4 o'clock in the afternoon, albeit the practising of somersaults by a family of acrobats was going on in an adjoining room. Refreshed by this long spell of rest, I went down to dinner, and sallied forth afterwards on my first stroll in the streets of London. Antony Lamotte, an old friend of mine, was, I remembered to have heard, conductor of the orchestra at the Argyll Rooms, where also Boulcourt, who had played under me in Paris, was engaged as first cornet. I learnt, however, upon inquiry, that owing to the dancing licence being withdrawn from the Argyll Rooms, the proprietor, Mr. Bignell, had transferred the

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business to the Adelaide Gallery, where the Gatti restaurant is now situated, and it was here I ultimately found Lamotte and Boulcourt, too, both of whom welcomed me heartily to London and asked me to meet them after the performance. To kill time, I tucked myself up in a quiet corner in the gallery at the end of the hall, and I must have got drowsy again, for, when the building was closed and the waiters were turning out the gas, I was roused by one of them, who inquired what I was doing there. "Waiting for Lamotte and Boulcourt," I replied, and on being told they had left, I set out for my hotel again, which I reached in the pelting rain. The next day I determined to have a long walk, with a view, of course, to comparing London with Paris, and, armed with a pocket dictionary, as well as the "Guide to London," that accompanies so many Frenchmen on their travels, I started forth on my lonely wanderings. Of course I noticed a deal to make me think the metropolis rather a topsy-turvy sort of city, the vehicles, for one thing, being driven on what was, to me, the wrong side of the road. I found cause also for remark in the soldiers' dress, the jackets being red and the trousers blue in England, whereas, in France, the trousers are red and the jackets blue. I am not, by any means, saying that I criticized the appearance of the troops. On the contrary, I well remember that the stalwart and magnificent bearing of the men belonging to the Horse Guards made upon me, as they must make upon all foreigners, a great impression. Where, of course, I committed a stupid mistake, was

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in supposing that a pocket dictionary could help me to learn English. But I am probably not the first Frenchman by hundreds who has looked in his dictionary for the translation of chop-house, oil and colourman, or wines from the wood without getting any further forward in his English. Indeed, the further I travelled the less I seemed to understand, and fearing to make a muddle of my English in speaking it, I used to carry a card with "Trafalgar Square" written plainly upon it. This, when I lost myself, I showed to a policeman, and as I did so often without speaking a word, I was more than once taken for a dumb person, and directed to the point I wanted by signs and motions. I am bound to confess that this wounded me very much, and, so I resolved to give up my dictionary and phrase book, and take lessons in English at once. In my eagerness to learn the language quickly I asked the professor I engaged to give me conversational lessons, rather than the usual rudimentary exercises adopted for beginners, and this course of study involved me in some blunders that sent my tutor sometimes into fits of laughter. For instance, when I was explaining that I intended organizing some concerts, he asked me who would manage them for me, to which I replied, that I should be the undertaker myself. And it took the poor man some minutes to make me understand that the word "undertaker" only applied to funerals.

When I had been in London a few days, and had had time to turn myself round, I called upon Jullien, who was

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then conducting promenade concerts at Her Majesty's Theatre. His engagements for the season being complete, he was unable to offer me a position in his orchestra, but, of music copying, at which I was an expert, he gave me more than I could conveniently undertake, and, as I renewed acquaintance with several of my old Paris friends, who were in Jullien's orchestra, including Jullien Tolbecque, Collinet, Remusat, Lavigne, and others, life in the metropolis opened for me quite auspiciously. I was on the free list at Her Majesty's, and consequently spent most of my evenings there. The popular vocalist of that season was, I remember, a German lady, named Jetty Treffz, a brilliant soprano, who subsequently married Johann Strauss, of Vienna. The Belgian clarinette player, Wilde, was also creating a sensation at the time. It was just after the fall of Lucknow, and Jullien, who, as I have already stated, knew so well how to turn every chance to account, hit the public taste with his famous Indian quadrille, which contained some cleverly-arranged Indian melodies. This was performed every evening, and proved a remarkable success. And his *Fern leaves* valse, composed about the same time, was scarcely less popular than the Indian quadrille. Not content, however, with doing well during the winter, the noted *chéf-d'orchestre* took the Surrey Gardens for a series of summer concerts, and here he managed to lose the money made at Her Majesty's. Pursuing his spirit of enterprise, Jullien started touring in the principal towns in England, touring, it must be re-

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membered, not being as general in the early fifties as it is at this end of the century. His secretary at that time was his first horn player, Mr. Jarrett, who afterwards became a popular impresario in New York, where he made a large fortune. In the summer of 1853, Jullien took his complete orchestra with him to New York, where he had an enormous success at the Castle Gardens in that city. He was unanimously praised by the critics everywhere in the States—Washington, Baltimore, Boston, and Philadelphia all being visited in turn. He came back to England, covered with glory, and had also a good share of dollars in his pockets, most of which, however, with the extravagance inherent in his nature, were devoted to the purchase of a pretty estate near Brussels, where he spent about six weeks in the spring of each year. This went on for a few years, but subsequently the pretty Belgian residence was sold, to provide funds for a Drury Lane season, and the production at his own expense of his opera *Peter the Great*. The mounting of this work ruined Jullien financially, and he was compelled to accept engagements as conductor of concerts. His large music shop in Regent Street was also a failure, but the more modest enterprise of the flower-stall held at her husband's concerts by Madame Jullien, where bouquets à la Jullien were freely sold, proved a profitable source of revenue. Jullien's last season in London took place, I remember, at the Lyceum in 1858, but the once popular leader's success was on the wane.

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Berlioz,[1] who knew Jullien well, speaks of him in his memoirs in the following terms:—

"I shall not enter into details as to my first stay in England, for they are simply interminable. . . . . I was engaged by Jullien, the celebrated director of the promenade concerts, to conduct the orchestra of a grand English opera, which he had the wild ambition of establishing at Drury Lane Theatre. Jullien, in his incontestable and uncontested character of madman, had engaged a splendid orchestra, a first-rate chorus, and a very fair set of singers; he had forgotten nothing but the repertoire. The sole work he had in view was an opera he had ordered from Balfe, called *The Maid of Artois*, and he proposed to open his series with an English translation of *Lucia di Lammermoor*. While they were waiting for the *mise-en-scène* of Balfe's opera, he would have had to take 400*l.* a night to barely cover the expenses of "Lucia." The result was inevitable. The receipts from "Lucia" never came near 400*l.* Balfe's opera was only a moderate success, and in a very short time Jullien was ruined. I never touched a penny beyond my first month's salary, notwithstanding all the fine protestations of Jullien, who, after all, was doubtless as honest a man as he could be, consistently with such a depth of folly as his. Jullien seriously proposed to me to get up the opera of *Robert le Diable* in six days, though he had neither copies, nor translation, nor dresses, nor scenery, and though the singers did not know a note of

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the work. It was simply madness. I cannot resist giving a specimen of his characteristic proceedings. Being at the end of his resources, seeing that Balfe's opera was bringing in no money, and recognizing to a certain extent the impossibility of putting *Robert le Diable* on the stage in six days, he assembled his committee for deliberation. The committee was composed of Sir Henry Bishop, Sir George Smart, M. Planché, Mr. F. Gye, M. Marrezeck, and myself. Jullien stated his perplexities, and spoke of different operas (not translated or copied, of course) which he wished to put on the stage. It was amusing to hear the ideas and opinions of these gentlemen as the various *chefs-d'œuvre* were trotted out. I listened in amazement. When at last they came to *Iphigénie in Tauride*, which had been announced in Jullien's prospectus (it was the custom of London managers to announce that work every year and never give it) the members of the committee, not knowing a note of it, were at a loss what to say. Jullien, impatient at my silence, turned sharply round, and said, 'Why the devil don't you speak? You must know it.' 'Of course I know it, but the dresses, I fear, you will not think becoming. The Scythians and King Thoas are ragged savages on the shores of the Black Sea. Orestes and Pylades appear in the simple costume of two shipwrecked Greeks. Pylades alone has two dresses, he re-enters in the fourth act with a helmet on his head.' 'A helmet!' cried Jullien, in a transport of delight, 'we are saved! I shall order a gilt helmet from Paris, with a coronet of pearls and a tuft of ostrich

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feathers as long as my arm, and we shall have forty representations.' I forget how the meeting ended, but if I were to live a hundred years I should never forget the flashing eyes, the wild gestures, and distracted enthusiasm of Jullien, on learning that Pylades has a helmet, or his sublime idea of getting it from Paris since no English workman could possibly turn out one sufficiently dazzling; or his hope of having forty splendid performances of Glück's masterpiece through the pearls, gilding and feathers in Pylades' helmet. . . . . I need not add that *Iphigénie* was not even studied. Jullien left London some days after the committee meeting, leaving his theatrical undertaking to fall to the ground. Meanwhile, the singers and singing-master had, as might have been expected, pronounced against the antique score, and the divine tenor (Sims Reeves) had laughed a good deal when the part of Pylades with the famous helmet was proposed to him."

That Jullien's mind was losing its balance before he left London is certain, for how else could one account for the idea he conceived of civilizing the world by the influence of music? With this object he composed and published what he called *A Hymn of Universal Harmony*, with the intention, as he explained to me, of performing it with his own band and chorus in all the uncivilized parts of the earth. I have still in my possession the copy which he gave me of this curious work. It was probably in furtherance of this same extraordinary scheme that he determined to set the Lord's Prayer to music. Like a good many of his friends, I

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pointed out to him, as gently, of course, as I could, that the public would probably consider the idea somewhat incongruous of a composer of dance music attempting so sacred a subject, but with the self-sufficiency that was one of this remarkable man's characteristics, Jullien replied that a composition bearing on its title-page two of the greatest names in history could not fail to be a success. Asked to explain his meaning more fully, he turned to me and said :

"The LORD'S Prayer,
Words by
JESUS CHRIST.
Music by
JULLIEN.
Just think of it !"

Poor Jullien !

His tragic end came soon after this. With his popularity dying out in London, the once famous conductor determined, as the twenty years' exile to which he had been condemned had expired, to return to Paris. Disappointment however again awaited him. The new generation knew nothing of him, and the old friends he met were either unable or unwilling to assist him. The dread of poverty preyed upon the poor man's mind, and in the end his reason completely gave way. During the Carnival one afternoon (it was on Shrove Tuesday, and when the boulevards were crowded with promenaders), Jullien, jumping into an open fly, told the driver to stop at the corner of the Rue

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Montmartre. And there he stood erect in the carriage delivering a long speech to the bystanders. "I am Jullien," he said, "the great Jullien, and I am going to give a series of grand concerts in Paris," and so on. After speaking at random for some time, he took his piccolo from his pocket and played variations upon it, proceeding thence to the Boulevard des Italiens, where he told the driver to stop again, whilst he commenced another harangue, which was followed by more piccolo playing. And the same crazy behaviour was repeated near the Madeleine, to the consternation of more passers-by. Jullien was mad, very mad, poor fellow! and the next day he cut his throat in an alley leading out of the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, dying a couple of days later in the hospital to which he was conveyed. Jullien was a prolific as well as a successful writer, for when, a few years later, I met Madame Jullien in London again, and renewed acquaintance with her, at the time she was engaged by Chatterton at the Box Office of Drury Lane, she showed me a room literally crammed with her husband's compositions. And most of them had never been published. For all I know to the contrary, they are still lying hidden in some dark corner. Judging Jullien altogether apart from his eccentricity of manners, he was a very capable conductor, and if not entitled to rank as a profound musician, he undoubtedly had talent as a composer. To say less than this would not be to do Jullien justice; to give utterance to more praise would savour perhaps of

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adulation, which was the feeling with which, as a very young man, I no doubt regarded him. I should be accused probably of adopting the oft-quoted utterance of a well-known melodramatic actor, with regard to the ambition he formed in youth of following in the footsteps of a renowned predecessor, if I gave expression to the aspirations I cherished in the early fifties, of standing as Jullien then did in front of a great orchestra. But just as Wilson Barrett realized his early hope of playing Hamlet, so had I the temerity, in 1871, and for successive seasons at Covent Garden, to take up the bâton that had been so ably wielded by the world-famed Jullien.

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CHAPTER II.

Engagement at Cremorne—Signor Bosisio—Leotard—Aristocratic Fête in the Gardens—List of lady patronesses—M. René Lafleur—The "Alliance Musicale" in Green Street—M. Besson—Alfred Musard, junior, in London—Death of Alfred Musard and his wife—The Pic of Teneriffe—Naturalization—Engagement at the Adelphi Theatre under Webster and Boucicault in the "Colleen Bawn" days—A drummer in love with Mrs. Boucicault—Miss Bateman as "Leah"—Offenbach's *Belle Hélène* at the Adelphi—Signor Lago—Jullien, junior, at Her Majesty's—Alfred Mellon's concerts at Covent Garden—The rival Turks.

CREMORNE GARDENS are only a name to the younger generation of pleasure-seekers, for many years have passed since they were swept away. But there are still living many who, like myself, are going down the hill of life, and all such will be able to recall, without any effort of memory, this once celebrated place of amusement, with its prettily laid out gardens, its fine old trees, and its shaded walks, lined with dainty flower beds. It would, I consider, be difficult even for an architect in the present day to carry out a better design for public gardens than old Cremorne presented. The adjoining house, too, which was on the banks of the river, had an imposing aspect, and it was here,

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T. B. Simpson, the proprietor of Cremorne, lived with his family. My old Italian friend, Bosisio, had been conductor of the orchestra at Cremorne for some years, from, in fact, the first Universal Exhibition year in 1851. And, when in 1858, Bosisio was detained in Paris by illness, I resolved, if possible, to fill the vacancy. Owing to my imperfect knowledge of English, and to T. B. Simpson's still more elementary knowledge of French, the aid of an interpreter was necessary at the negotiations that took place between us. For this purpose I had recourse to my old friend Rémusat, the flutist, and with the support also of Balfe, who immediately gave me a letter of introduction to Simpson, I brought away at the end of a second interview a signed engagement at a salary of 10*l.* a week for me to replace Signor Bosisio during his illness. It was clearly understood, on my side, at all events, that Bosisio should oust me from my seat the moment he was able to resume work, and I remember that among the congratulatory letters I received, respecting my new appointment, the one sent by Bosisio himself was couched in the heartiest and most cordial terms. And so it came about that on the 1st of May I commenced my duties at Cremorne Gardens, with an orchestra of forty musicians I had been allowed to select for myself. Destiny willed it that Bosisio was never to return to London. He died, poor fellow, suddenly in an epileptic fit (he was subject to these fits) on a June evening, when he went to see his friend Legendre, the proprietor of the Elysée Menilmontant, in Paris, his

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death being very generally regretted in musical circles, where he had made a large number of friends. Bosisio, who was a prolific composer of dance music, had published quadrilles and waltzes by the score. His melodies, though simple, were always elegant, and the harmonies were perfect. Most of his compositions were edited by Richault, one of the largest music publishers in Paris, and over 300 of them are still in the catalogue of that firm.

At the end of the Cremorne season, I was re-engaged for the following year, and I remained conductor of the orchestra there till 1862. These duties, I may add, were very arduous, for there was an open-air concert from five till six o'clock. Then from seven till eight o'clock there was a ballet, under the direction of John Lauri, for which I had to write the music, and from eight till eleven o'clock dancing was kept up, when the fireworks took place; after which dancing was resumed and continued till 2 a.m., and even later. In the months of June and July, for instance, day often dawned whilst I was still at my post in the raised orchestra in the centre of the circular platform. I was irreverent enough sometimes to wish I could arrange with the authorities above to delay the arrival of the dawn till the revellers on the platform beneath me should be tired out with their dancing. An indefinable sense of shame possesses most men, I believe, for I do not claim to have invented the sensation, when they find themselves going home in evening dress as the morning milk is being delivered, and I was unable to shake off this feeling,

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though it was clearly other people's pleasures and not my own that produced the discomfort in my mind.

Perhaps the unpleasantest experience I ever had, arose during my first season at Cremorne. This was on the Derby Day. My readers may be reassured, I am not going to give any description of this popular English Carnival—and for two excellent reasons, one being, that I have never seen the race, and another, that enough accounts have been written, and by abler pens than mine, of Epsom Downs on a Derby Day. But Cremorne Gardens used to be crowded to suffocation on the Derby Day, by a mixed, not to say a boisterous company, and the visitors kept up a whistling accompaniment to the orchestra the whole evening, after the manner of a Boxing-night pantomime audience. The mistake I made, of course, was to think the whistling, which it was afterwards pointed out to me, was induced by joviality on the part of the people, bore the same significance in England that it did in France, where it denotes disapproval. I had chosen the best pieces in my repertory for the occasion, and consequently my discomfiture may be better imagined than described, at being, as I thought, the object of derision on the part of the assembled crowd. It was not till the fireworks were taking place, and Mr. Hawkes, the solo cornet, noticed my chagrined expression, and asked the cause, that the matter was cleared up, and the weight, so to speak, lifted from my shoulders. My mental torture had, up till then, been great.

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When the season was over, for Cremorne, as everybody knows, was only a summer resort, I had a long winter to get through, and the question of ways and means being one that was ever present to my mind, I determined to set about selling some of my compositions. I had already disposed of my *Villagers' Polka* to Williams, of Cheapside, and this encouraged me to try the West-End publishers. Ultimately, I struck a bargain with Addison and Co., of Regent Street, who offered me 12*l.* for my *Alliance Valse*, or 60*l.* for the half-dozen compositions I had with me, and which included a quadrille, a valse, a polka, a schottische, a redowa, and a galop. With my exchequer thus enriched, I was enabled to tide over matters nicely till the spring.

One of the leading events of the Cremorne season of 1859 was an Aristocratic Fête held on the 9th July. The renowned Léotard was then taking the town by storm, and, as he was engaged exclusively by T. B. Simpson, everybody who wanted to see the wonderful trapèze performer, had to go to Cremorne. Great preparations were made for this fête, from which the public was excluded, a large sum of money being spent on decorations alone. The list of lady patronesses included the Duchess of Sutherland, the Duchess of Manchester, the Duchess of Montrose, the Duchess of Richmond, La Duchesse de St. Alpino, the Marchioness of Ailesbury, the Marchioness of Stafford, the Marchioness of Lothian, the Countess of Shrewsbury, the Countess of Derby, the Countess of Yarborough, the Countess of Clarendon, the Countess of Lichfield, the Countess of

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Bective, the Viscountess Barrington, the Viscountess Combermere, the Viscountess Ingestre, Lady Bateman, Lady Mary Craven, Lady Charlotte Egerton, Lady Howard, and Lady Hogg. The day of the fête came, and so, by Jove, did the rain, which poured in torrents all the afternoon. Despite the downpour, however, a large number of carriages drove up to the gates, and before evening set in there was a good attendance. As dancing *al fresco* was out of the question, arrangements were speedily improvised for all the entertainments to be held in the large concert room, and it was really an interesting sight to see these daintily attired ladies turning out into the gardens, every now and again, for a breath of fresh air, and picking their way along the gravelled walks in pink or white satin shoes, holding umbrellas the while over their heads to protect their feathers and flowers. Fortunately, by midnight, the sky cleared, and when the stars made their appearance, dancing could be resumed in the gardens, and the fête continued all night. It was broad daylight, I remember, before we were released from duty and could turn our footsteps homewards.

Another change of some moment to me happened whilst I was fulfilling my engagement at Cremorne. This was in the summer of 1860, and when my old friend René Lafleur, the music publisher of Paris, came on his first trip to London. The object of his visit was to make arrangements for his sons, Alphonse and Edouard, who did not get on very well together, to have business interests apart from each other. And as the father was desirous of

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retiring, so as to live quietly at his villa residence at Maisons Lafitte, his idea was to let the elder, who is my god-son, take the management of affairs at the establishment in Paris, whilst Edouard was to be set up in a branch business in London, of which I was to be the manager. I attached but little importance to this proposition at the time, but when, soon after his return to Paris, M. Lafleur wrote to ask me if I had found suitable premises for him, I realized that he was in earnest, and I at once set about finding what was wanted. As a result, I took a newly-built shop and house, situated at 15, Green Street, Leicester Square, and as soon as the preliminaries of lease-signing were concluded, it was not the work of many days for the fixtures to be put in their place, and the name of the firm, which was left to my selection, to be put on the facia. The title of "Alliance Musicale," which I gave the business, remains to this day. The business soon grew, for I commenced a monthly publication for reed or brass bands, string orchestra, fife and drum, and as there was no competition of any consequence at the time, matters prospered with us quickly. We had not long been established when we were visited by M. Besson, who was also desirous of establishing himself in business in London. He temporarily accepted a room we placed at his disposal in Green Street, but, as he wanted to found a manufactory of brass instruments on a large scale, it soon became necessary to procure him separate premises. Acting as his guide and interpreter, for I had now got to speak English pretty fluently, I found M. Besson just the

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premises he required in the Euston Road, and the manufactory has remained there ever since. The immense bombardon exhibited in front of the premises is a facsimile of the one made by M. Besson for my monster concerts at the Jardin d'Hiver, in Paris, and that he called the "trombotonare." They were deep bass notes, indeed, that issued from that gigantic bombardon, on which, I well remember, only one man in Paris could effectually play. He was a musician named Dortu, belonging to the band of the Garde de Paris.

It was soon after the events just related that Alfred Musard, the only son of the popular conductor, came to London, with the principals of his orchestra, for the purpose of giving a series of concerts at the St. James's Hall. The younger Musard, though far from possessing the talent of his father, whose large fortune he had inherited, was a very capable conductor, and had, moreover, a refined and even elegant appearance, if such a term can be fittingly applied to a man. It was his good looks, no doubt, that procured him his wife, an American belle, who fell in love with him when he was conducting his orchestra in New York, and who finally eloped with him to Paris, where they were married. Musard, on arriving in London, appealed to me to complete the engagements for his orchestra for him, and among his principals, the band numbering eighty musicians, were found the Lamouroux brothers, as violin and violoncello, besides Barthélemy (oboe), Fabre (clarinette), François (trombone), Legendre (cornet), and other well-known instrumentalists.

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The St. James's Hall concerts, however, though an artistic success, resulted in a great monetary loss, and, as far as I know, Musard never conducted again. Wealth had come to him through his wife, who inherited a large fortune from a Royal protector, but such sometimes is the irony of fate, money brought them very short-lived happiness. For a few years, it is true, they led the fashion in Paris, as regards their mansion in the Champs Elysées, and their carriages and horses, which were considered the handsomest in the city. But their enormous wealth was, of course, powerless to stop the inroads of disease. The "belle Madame Musard," as she was called, became blind and insane, and died in a mad-house; whilst her husband, when still a young man, was sent to Algiers for his health, and died there. By his will Alfred Musard left his entire fortune to a friend named De Dosmes, and this gentleman married a cousin of Musard's, the couple dying early, and their only child, a son, inheriting the thousands left by the Musards.

The business carried on in Greek Street continued to flourish, but the spirit of rebellion that had led to Edouard Lafleur being sent out of Paris, possessed him still in his new surroundings, though I did all I could, consistent with my position as his father's representative, to let this young man have things, as it were, his own way. By way of amusement he had engaged himself as soloist on the cornet in the band of the Victoria Rifles, and this took up a deal of his time, but I was utterly unprepared for the course of

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conduct that followed, and of which he gave neither his father nor myself any previous intimation. Indeed, it was some months after he had disappeared, without a word of warning, from his rooms in Greek Street, that M. Lafleur learnt he had taken service in the British navy, and had, moreover, deserted the troopship in which he was engaged while it was stationed at the Canary Islands. His desertion of the ship was rather artfully effected, and had involved him, also, in no little danger. Escaping unobserved, he told us, from the vessel, on the eve of its departure, he had climbed the Pic of Teneriffe until he found a recess, and in this he concealed himself till the ship set out again to sea. Then, emerging from his hiding-place, he called on the French Consul, to whom, after relating his sufferings at sea, he appealed for assistance to communicate with his father in Paris. The necessary funds were soon provided, and when, soon after, the young wanderer came back to London, matters went on pleasantly enough during the remainder of the term of my engagement, which lasted for five years. With a view to buying the freehold of a house in London, for I was now beginning to save money, I had to become naturalized about this time, a formality and an expense no longer rendered necessary, I believe.

It is an old saying that nothing succeeds like success, and so it proved with me, for, having already enough work on my hands, I was interviewed one morning by a Mr. Philipps, the representative of Benjamin Webster and Dion

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Boucicault. This gentleman came to offer me an engagement as musical director of the Adelphi, the successor of Alfred Mellon in the post not having proved to be at all the man they wanted. An interview with the two directors was soon arranged, and I accepted their offer of 8*l.* a week on condition that I should have full liberty to fulfil my summer engagement at Cremorne. It was in the *Colleen Bawn* days in 1862 that I entered upon my new position as *chef-d'orchestre* of the Adelphi. I had a band of thirty good musicians under my control, and the recognition that was given by the press of my endeavours to improve the quality of entr'acte music, was particularly gratifying to me. Thus encouraged, I naturally exerted myself to the utmost to introduce novel features into the programme, and my first cornet, I remember, who was a Frenchman named Bonnisseau, and a marvellous player also on the flageolet, had his solos nightly encored. For the American drama of *The Octoroon* we introduced a number of American airs, Julius Benedict (afterwards Sir Julius Benedict) being specially commissioned to write an overture for it on American melodies. This was a most spirited composition, and was published for the orchestra by Lafleur and Sons. Several of Boucicault's dramas followed, including *The Life of an Actress*, *Effie Deans*, etc.; but as none of them obtained long runs, the management decided to make a complete change of programme and try burlesque. A selection was made of Byron's *Ill-treated Il Trovatore*, for which I arranged the music, sadly ill-treating Verdi's beautiful opera

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by mixing his "Miséréré" with "The Cure," a song that was popularized at the time by Stead at the Oxford and other music-halls. Just before this was produced, and whilst Mrs. Boucicault was playing the parts of heroine in Adelphi melodrama, an amusing incident occurred in the orchestra. I had noticed for some time the extraordinary get-up, in point of dress, of the drummer, whose place was in the right hand corner of the band. His hair was curled, his moustache always waxed, and his handkerchiefs scented in true Don Juan-like fashion, whilst his button-holes must have made large inroads in, if they did not swallow up, the whole of his salary. Like his companions, I wondered what all this lavish outlay meant, without, however, guessing the cause. The poor fellow, it turned out, was passionately in love with Mrs. Boucicault, and these extravagances had been resorted to with a view to fascinating the lady. The story would, perhaps, never have come out, but for his own indiscretion. Not content, however, with admiring the actress by night, he took to dogging her footsteps by day, and, on one occasion, when she was walking in Kensington Gardens with a lady friend, the impassioned drummer approached her and thrust a letter into her hand, frantically kissing his hand to her on retiring. Boucicault brought this letter to me with a view to having the handwriting identified, and together we read through its burning contents. The poor, bewitched drummer lost his situation in consequence, for he had committed the stupid, though I am afraid common mistake, of assuming

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that his passion was returned. Ashamed of his conduct, he left London, never to return, and the last time I saw him, which was in the orchestra of the Opéra House at Marseilles, there was such a paterfamilias air about him, that I refrained, of course, from reminding him of his early passion for a stage heroine.

To *Ill-treated Il Trovatore* succeeded the famous drama of *Leah*, in which the American actress, Kate Bateman, made her *début* in London, and at once leaped into fame. This pathetic drama, as my readers will remember, had a phenomenal run, and Miss Bateman became the talk of London. On the withdrawal of *Leah*, Boucicault retired from the partnership, and Benjamin Webster remained alone at the head of affairs at the Adelphi, producing in turn, *The Dead Heart*, *Masks and Faces*, *A Touch of Nature*, *The Flowers of the Forest*, *Aurora Floyd*, and *The Green Bushes*. *Rip Van Winkle*, played by Jefferson, had also a long and prosperous run.

For a complete list either of plays produced or of artists appearing in them at the Adelphi during my engagement there, I should have to refer my readers, seeing that I write from memory and not from notes, to the ordinary books on the subject, but I can recall such celebrities as Madame Celeste, Mrs. Stirling, Miss Louise Keeley, Mrs. Alfred Mellon (Miss Woolgar), Miss Henrietta Sims, Mrs. Billington, Miss Alice Seaman, Miss Bateman, Miss Furtado, Miss Lydia Foote, and Madame Agnes Boucicault; whilst on the men's side, were Benjamin Webster, Dion Boucicault,

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J. Billington, R. Philipps, David Fisher, W. Anson, H. Romer, S. Emery, Arthur Stirling, J. L. Toole, Paul Bedford, George Honey, John Ryder, T. Swinbourne, Horace Wigan, and Jefferson.

Business became slack at the Adelphi in 1865, and Webster, who was always a man of resource, cast about for novelties. With this object in view, he went to Paris, where he bought the English rights of *La Belle Hélène*, which had just created a great stir in the French capital. This complete change of programme was one that gave me immense satisfaction, for I was beginning to get a little tired of writing what is called illustrative music of a stormy or melancholy kind, for blood-and-thunder or pathetic dramas; and it seemed to me that Offenbach's lively and graceful strains would be as welcome to the patrons of the theatre as they were to me—a surmise that events fully justified. Whilst Webster, therefore, was busy engaging a fresh set of artists for the operetta, I increased my orchestra, and engaged a good chorus, and the work of replacing melodrama by French comic opera was proceeded with. In spite of numerous rehearsals, as the first performance drew near, I could see that the choruses, which worked well enough when the pianoforte accompanist was with them, would be singing out of time if left to themselves, and at my suggestion, therefore, Webster adopted the French plan of having a prompter's box for the chorus master erected in the centre of the stage, and in front of the conductor's desk. This had to be hurriedly con-

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structed to be in time for the inaugural performance, but a perfect *ensemble* was the result, and I rejoiced accordingly.

Signor Lago, who was then a very young man, was the chorus master I have just referred to. I had chosen him for the post out of my orchestra, because he was a brilliant pianoforte player, and a very capable all-round musician. The circumstances under which I made the acquaintance of Signor Lago, who has since made a name for himself, are perhaps worth relating. He had visited Lafleur's shop in Green Street, for the purpose of buying a flute for one of his pupils, and as he was unable to speak English, the shopman appealed to me to interpret what the customer said. In the conversation that ensued, I learnt that Lago had just come from Madrid in search of an engagement, and upon ascertaining that he was a good pianist, and an efficient violin player, I resolved, if possible, to give him a position in the Adelphi orchestra. It so happened, however, that a principal viola was the only vacancy I then had, and though Lago had to own to never having played the instrument (which, as musicians will know, is simply a change of key with the violin), upon his readily expressing his willingness to master the little difficulty at once, terms were soon arranged, even to the sale of the viola, which, I suggested, he should pay for by weekly instalments, his exchequer at the time being a very modest one. After a fortnight's practice, Lago was principal viola in my orchestra, to our mutual satisfaction, I

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know. He proved so assiduous a worker, in fact, that when I came to compose the music for the *Octoroon*, I gave him a viola solo, accompanied by stringed instruments, that proved a great success. Lago, in short, was a general favourite at the Adelphi, and during his engagement he was testimonialized by the artists and chorus singers for the assistance he had rendered them during the run of *La Belle Hélène*. The compliment was well deserved, and it was this probably (for the matter was fully reported in the theatrical papers) that led to Signor Lago being noticed by Frederick Gye, who offered the young musician the post of second prompter at the Italian opera at Covent Garden, an engagement he was glad to accept. Lago, however, was not a man to remain long in a secondary position, and when the principal *suggestore* had to be replaced, it was my young *protégé* and friend who was promoted to the post, which is an important one. And so Lago went on, year after year, improving his position in England, and filling in his time in the winter with engagements in St. Petersburg, returning to London only for the season. Subsequently he travelled with Madame Patti, and, at a comparatively recent date, in partnership with his countryman, the Spanish tenor, Gayarré, Signor Lago was at the head of affairs for a season at Covent Garden, with very good results. Since then he has been *impresario* alternately in St. Petersburg and London, gaining the esteem and friendship of artists everywhere. His more recent exploits only call for passing mention from me, for

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it will be fresh in the public mind that it was to Signor Lago the musical world in London was indebted, in 1890, for his introduction in our midst of the sisters Ravogli, in Glück's Opera, *Orfeo*. It was also to his enterprise in 1891 we owed the first production in England of Mascagni's opera, *Cavalleria Rusticana*, that has since attained unprecedented popularity. Lago's unfortunate season at the Olympic, in 1892, though it ended in disaster for him, will also be pleasantly remembered by musical amateurs owing to the novelty recorded in connection with it. I refer to the production of Tscharkorosky's *Eugène Onégin*. This clever and talented musician has for years been honoured by the patronage of the Queen, who, besides summoning him two years ago to Windsor for a performance of *Cavalleria Rusticana*, was graciously pleased to take the Royal box for the entire series of performances, during his two last seasons of opera.

Of Jullien junior, who flourished (if he can be said to have flourished at all) at about the time that Lago was beginning to make a name in London, there is not the same record of success to chronicle, and yet he enjoyed the advantage, and not an inconsiderable one, of being the son of a gifted father. I well remember when he returned to London, after serving his time as kettle-drummer in the band of a regiment of French Lancers, his conceiving the idea of following in the footsteps of his father, an idea that was fostered, naturally enough, by Madame Jullien. For a time young Jullien, who replaced Antony

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Lamotte at the Argyll Rooms, succeeded well enough, for it is not a difficult matter to conduct dance music in a capable manner. But it was altogether different when he was appointed conductor of a large orchestra at Her Majesty's, the theatre having been taken by Mr. Bignell for a series of promenade concerts, to be carried out on the same lines as those rendered popular by the great Jullien. A large orchestra and first-rate singers were engaged, and money was spent lavishly on decorations, but the discovery was soon made that this graceful conductor of dance music was not equal to his new position, and the scheme resulted in pecuniary loss.

Promenade concerts were fast growing in popularity in London about this time, for we had Alfred Mellon at Covent Garden in 1865, with Carlotta Patti as his leading soprano. Signor Bottesini, the great contrabassist, was also an attraction; and Levy was attracting notice as solo cornet in the orchestra. One of the features of these concerts was a grand selection from *Faust*, arranged by Mellon, and played nightly with immense success by the orchestra and the band of the Coldstream Guards. Mellon had in his orchestra a Frenchman named Cordier, who assumed the name of Ali Ben Mustapha, and who, dressed as a Turk, played some wonderful solos on the saxophone. He soon became the lion of the season. Young Jullien, of course, set about getting a rival Turk to play saxophone solos, and one of his clarinette players, a man named Tyler, was speedily converted into an Orientalist, and in a few days the Turkish-

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attired Tyler blossomed forth into Ali Ben Jenkins. The public, however, wearied of the joke, and young Jullien's first series of promenade concerts was his last. He went to America, and, as far as I know, has not since been heard of.

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CHAPTER III.

Leaving the Adelphi—Engagement at the Alhambra—Starting the "Musical Progress"—The presentation of Alhambra testimonial—A new hat—Mdlle. Pitteri—The Kiralfy brothers—The can-can dancer, Mdlle. Finette—Withdrawal of Alhambra dancing licence—Promenade concerts at Alhambra—Their success—My second marriage—Mdlle. Déjazet and M. Bernard-Latte in London—Camille Saint-Saëns' compositions for my concerts—Musical composition contest.

With the year 1866 ended my engagement at the Adelphi, which came, I may say, as a surprise to me, for I had grown used to the work, which I liked. But the proposals made to me by Frederick Strange of the Alhambra were of too tempting a nature to be declined. The question of emolument alone might not have weighed with me, though 12*l.* a week instead of 8*l.* was in itself enticing, but to be offered a three years' engagement, an orchestra of fifty musicians, and *carte blanche* to engage the best artists I could find, was a proposition not to be resisted, especially as, when I mentioned the matter to Webster, he urged me, in my own interests, not to hesitate for a moment, but to accept the position which, he kindly and flatteringly added, was worthier of my powers than the one I filled under him. From first to last my relations with Benjamin Webster had

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been of the most cordial kind; consequently I experienced a feeling of regret at leaving my old post, the more so as he had always evinced a deal of interest in all my pursuits, even in those unconnected with the Adelphi, and this despite the fact that he led a very busy life. I remember Webster, for instance, showing more than ordinary concern in an enterprise I undertook about this time in partnership with Mr. Hawkes, a cornet-player and corporal in the Scots Fusilier Guards, to set up in business as music publishers. This was not, of course, started till my agreement with M. Lafleur had expired; but "The Musical Progress," as we styled our firm, was destined from a small beginning in Pimlico to grow into a very prosperous concern, first in Soho Square, and afterwards in Leicester Square, including, besides music publishing and the sale of musical instruments, various branches of work connected with the profession, and that combined, justified, I venture to think, our choice of a title.

Mr. John Hollingshead was, at the time I speak of, engaged as secretary at the Alhambra, and, as he had always, in his position as critic of the *Daily News*, written most favourably of my small Adelphi band, I was delighted to have this opportunity of making his acquaintance. Mr. Hollingshead and myself soon became very fast friends, and so we have remained. Another acquaintanceship I made about the same time, and from which I also derived much pleasure, was that of Henri Distin, the well-known brass instrument maker, who is now established in New York.

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Matters, therefore, opened auspiciously for me at the Alhambra, where I worked hard to have a good orchestra. In fact, the greeting I had on the first night enabled me to forget the annoyance I had experienced a couple of days before, in being robbed of my purse as I sat in the balcony watching the performance. I had secured the services of some of the best musicians in London, the principals including T. Gough (violin), A. Brousil (cello), Delamour (contrabass), George Roe (flute), D. Keppel (piccolo), C. Engel (oboe), T. Tyler (clarinette), Wooton (bassoon), Van Haute (horn), H. Sprake (cornet), J. Badderley (trombone), T. Busby (euphonium), and others. The plan I pursued was to have a grand operatic selection played every evening by the band, and this, with a few pretty pieces and the two regulation ballets, made up a musical programme which caught the public taste at once, my orchestra remaining very popular during the four years I was conductor. At the end of my first year's engagement at the Alhambra I was presented with a handsome testimonial. It took the form of a presentation watch, manufactured by Dent, and, together with a chain and key-seal, it was handed to me by Frederick Strange after the performance one night. The watch, that I have carried ever since, bears the following inscription: "Alhambra Testimonial. Presented to M. Rivière by F. Strange, Esq., artists and friends, November 30th, 1867." The presentation took place in the director's room amid the conviviality customary on such occasions. Needless to say there was the usual flow of champagne and

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clinking of glasses, and Strange, who was a bit of a wit, besides being a genial, good-tempered fellow, made a humorous speech of a highly complimentary character. So far, so good. The presentation over, however, just as I was recovering from the embarrassment produced by the praise uttered in my favour, Strange, changing his key, set about chaffing me respecting my Paris-made hat, which had the straight brim commonly enough worn even to this day by artists and musicians in Paris, but which, somehow, appears so ridiculous to Englishmen. Waxing warm upon this subject of my hat, Strange finally took it up from the table and, amidst a storm of laughter, in which I very heartily joined, for the scene was irresistibly funny, he sat upon it with such force as to crush it beyond all possibility of restoration. So this joyous celebration resulted in a new hat as well as a new watch for me, Strange having at once handed me a card for his hatter in Piccadilly, an offer I was not by any means too proud to accept, feeling, as I did, that as he had his little joke he might as well pay for it, as he offered to do.

Business went on steadily improving at the Alhambra, and I was allowed ten more musicians after the first year, the number being afterwards increased till I had a total of seventy, which formed an orchestra of unusual strength for a music-hall. I composed and arranged ballets with several ballet masters, including Madame Collier, Imre Kiralfy, Justament, Devine, and Milano; amongst the ballets being *The Carnaval de Venise, The Hungarian ballet, Strange's*

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Dream, *Les Fleurs du Jardin*, *Les Nations*, *Acorn Tree*, *Pépita*, *Ondine*, *May Blossom*, *Flamma* and *Spirit of the Deep*. The last named was transferred by Strange with a complete company, band, scenery, music, etc., and with La Pittéri as *première danseuse*, to the Châtelet theatre in Paris. The Hungarian ballet, which was a great success, was mounted, I remember, by the brothers Imre and Bolossi Kiralfy, their sister being engaged as *première danseuse*. The Kiralfy brothers were remarkable dancers, and, dressed in the Hungarian costume, they both looked well. Imre was noted for his high jumping, whilst Bolossi's pirouetting was nothing short of marvellous. They were at the Alhambra for two years, and were great favourites. On the conclusion of their engagement, they went to New York, where the sister married, and the brothers became managers of the Niblo Gardens, and several other places, making a large fortune by their various speculations. There is no need to recall the more recent exploits of Imre Kiralfy in London: I refer to the mounting of Nero at Olympia, during Barnum's visit, and to his still more recent spectacular achievement, Venice in London, for they will be fresh in the reader's memory.

It was whilst I was at the Alhambra that the celebrated Sangalli was engaged as *première danseuse*. Madame Sangalli subsequently held the leading position in the ballet at the Opera in Paris, where she created the principal rôle in *Coppelia*, *Sylvia*, and other noted ballets. To Sangalli succeeded the graceful Pittéri, who remained at the

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Alhambra till 1870, her success being immense. Mdlle. Pittéri, who was also a remarkably handsome woman, left the pleasantest memories behind her. She was kind and generous to a fault. Amongst countless other graceful acts performed by her during the run of the ballet *Flamma*, I was singled out by her as the object of a special compliment. Advancing to the footlights in the middle of the performance, and without my having a hint of what was to happen, Mdlle. Pittéri presented me with a bâton of sterling silver, with the names of all the ballets in which she had appeared inscribed on a gold band that encircled it. Generosity of this kind is, however, no uncommon quality among artists. But for this characteristic, in fact, many would make larger fortunes than they do. Other celebrities in the Alhambra orchestra during my engagement were J. Levy, the solo cornet player, who, in turn, was replaced by Howard Reynolds, also a very fine player. These two performers have always been considered the best cornet players in England.

The Alhambra enjoyed an unexampled popularity as a music-hall in 1868 and 1869, when the dividends reached 25 per cent. Strange, who was a lavish man in all matters, organized annual summer fêtes for the company. These fêtes, that were the talk of the theatrical profession, used to cost something like 400*l.*, for they were carried out in very profuse style as regards luncheon, four-in-hands, and brakes, etc. With members of my Alhambra orchestra, I formed a fine military reed band, under my conductorship, for the light

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cavalry of the Honourable Artillery. The uniforms of this corps, of which Strange was an officer, produced a striking effect at these fêtes. Fifty strong, this band became very efficient after a little practice, and was in constant request. I remember, for instance, our attending the Easter Review at Brighton in 1870, the band playing on its way to church in the morning, and on the pier in the afternoon, when it created quite a furore. Those were, as I have said, brilliant times at the Alhambra in 1869 and 1870. But, unfortunately, there was a reverse to the medal, and this was brought about by the engagement of a Parisian can-can dancer, Mademoiselle Finette. The dancer's eccentricities of style were deemed vulgar, and when licensing day came round in October, the dancing licence being refused to the Alhambra, the ballets had to be withdrawn, and a complete change of programme was made.

The new plan resorted to was that of promenade concerts. Consequently, I received orders to enlarge my orchestra to a hundred musicians, and to engage a large chorus. Structural alterations had also to be made in the building, and an enormous orchestra was constructed on the stage. Promenade concerts, as I have already said, were growing in popularity in London, but no very profitable results were obtained at the Alhambra till the outbreak of the Franco-German war, when, taking a leaf from Jullien's book, with a view to making capital out of the disaster, I arranged war songs, and also the national airs of France

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and Germany, throwing in Italy as a make weight. To represent Garibaldi I engaged a singer from the country of the Stars and Stripes, and Mr. Melbourne, who was the possessor of a fine baritone voice, in due time blossomed into "Signor Bordogni." Germany was impersonated by a young and handsome, though ferocious-looking German, wearing gold-rimmed spectacles. Herr Vogel, as he was called, appeared with two German ladies, the sisters Siedle, one standing on the platform on each side of him. For France, I not unnaturally took extra trouble to engage a popular singer, and my choice ultimately fell on Mademoiselle Melanie Reboux, a splendid soprano singer, from the Paris Opéra House. The vocalists advanced in turn to the front, and, dressed in the national colours, and holding the flag of the country represented, sang the respective airs.

"Signor" Bordogni, in his red blouse, was always applauded as he gave forth the Hymn to Garibaldi, which is a bold and inspiring melody. The German trio also came in for a full share of enthusiasm when, with the Prussian flag in hand, *The Watch on the Rhine* was performed. But I need not say what a big delight it was to me, a Frenchman, to listen to the thunders of applause that nightly greeted the appearance of Melanie Reboux. I had, I own, arranged the effects, as a dramatist does his play, with a view to the interest increasing as the performance proceeds, but my most ambitions hopes were, in this respect, exceeded by the results. The appearance of Mademoiselle Reboux, clad in the classical white robes of

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France, and half enveloped in the tricolor flag, was the signal for an outburst of enthusiasm that seemed to shake the building to its foundation, and the effect was increased as she sang "Allons, enfants de la Patrie, le jour de gloire est arrivé," to the strains of the Marseillaise. The climax came, when the singer, falling on her knees, and joining her hands as if in prayer, sang the last verse: "Amour sacré de la Patrie, rends nous l'audace et la fierté." The audience was spell-bound and breathless, more applause coming when the chorus, in accompaniment, sang "Aux armes citoyens! Formez vos bataillons." We used often to say at the Alhambra at this time that hatters and umbrella makers must have made a profit out of our performances, for there was abundant evidence every night, when the building was cleared, of the encounters that had taken place between the French and German disputants. Bits of umbrellas and walking-sticks were swept up from all parts of the building, and the property room received the addition of quite a large collection of battered hats which must have been lost by their owners in the scrimmages that took place. My own fear was lest some serious damage should occur to put a stop to the performance; but happily this was averted. The evening used to wind up with Jullien's British Army Quadrilles, for which several military bands were engaged, and these promenade concerts became the most successful entertainments till then attempted at the Alhambra, the receipts being the highest ever realized.

In other respects also the year 1870 marked an epoch

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in my life, for it was in April of this year that I entered upon marriage for the second time, joining my fate with that of Miss Amy Frances Fisher, a girl who was then budding into womanhood, whilst I, all unconsciously perhaps, but none the less surely, was entering upon the autumn of life. I had made the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Fisher, who lived in Westbourne Park, when I was engaged at the Adelphi theatre, and for years I remained a constant visitor at their house, without its occurring to them, or indeed for some time to myself, that closer ties would one day bind us together. At fifty years of age, men are supposed, I know, to have said good-bye to romance, but, as amongst my readers there will be some, perhaps, able to dispute this theory, I shall make bold enough to declare that I made a veritable love match at a time of life when reason, rather than sentiment, generally guides our actions. As a matter of fact, a man knows better in middle life the sort of woman to suit him, and the husband's selection being a satisfactory one, that of the wife is little likely to prove a failure, for the average woman of gentle birth and breeding is born with the instincts of truth, devotion, and fidelity. The woman who feels she is loved seldom proves a failure as a wife. This is a point that husbands *in posse* or *in esse* would do well to bear in mind, for it is one that, fully considered in time, would save many after regrets.

In a previous chapter I had occasion to mention M. Bernard-Latte as the director of the Casino Paganini. Poor man! he had fallen upon evil days since 1851, when

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he was a well-known figure in Paris, at the head of a large music publishing firm, besides being also the husband of a fashionable beauty. In the fifties Bernard-Latte and his wife were to be seen at all stylish functions. They attended race meetings, and first nights at theatres, and were, moreover, received in the best society. Their joint extravagance, however, ruined them, and before the war broke out, Bernard-Latte's business at the corner of the Passage de l'Opéra having been sold for the benefit of creditors, the couple separated. Madame Latte returned to live with her mother, and her husband accompanied Mdlle. Déjazet to London, being engaged as manager and interpreter for the company when that artist fled from Paris during the Commune, and opened a season at the Opera Comique theatre in the Strand. It was a great pleasure to me to meet my old friend again, for, in spite of the change in his fortunes, Bernard-Latte, who was always excellent company, shed brightness wherever he went. He and Mdlle. Déjazet, therefore, were very constant visitors at Maida Vale, where I had gone to reside on marrying. Meeting with our Paris friends were the delight of my young wife and her pleasure-loving sisters, of whom we had generally one or two staying with us at a time, the Fisher family consisting of as many as eight daughters. Our merriment, I am afraid, must have sometimes astonished our neighbours, but it was impossible to resist laughing when Bernard-Latte was in one of his hilarious moods. And the youth and naïveté of these girls inspired him to merriment.

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He became, in fact, much attached to Miss Mary Fisher, who fortunately was sensible, and took all his jokes in good part, and strange jokes some of them were. For instance, he suggested one day, and apparently in all seriousness, that my sister-in-law should start touring with him in Italy, his idea being that they would realize a fortune if she sang to his guitar accompaniment. I protested, urging that though the young lady's voice came up to Shakespeare's ideal of excellence in being "soft, gentle, and low," still it was not a fortune-making voice from the singing point of view. I am not sure that I did not brutally remark that one of her notes was cracked. If I did, she forgave me. The project, I need not say, was never undertaken.

When things settled down again in Paris, after the war Bernard-Latte returned there, and was soon after leading an itinerant life, going about in all seasons with a bundle of cheap music under his arm. Dressed in a threadbare suit, the general get-up being crowned by an umbrella of the Sairey Gamp order, he looked anything but distinguished. To the last, however, Bernard-Latte retained the friendship of his old acquaintances. He was not, in spite of his out-at-elbows appearance, the man for friends to cut or pass by. He had been a general favourite in the days of his prosperity, and when adversity overtook him, and he lived in a miserable garret, he was too proud to make his condition known to those who would gladly have helped him. To have offered him assistance one always felt would have been to hurt his

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feelings. Bernard-Latte had the true spendthrift's nature; he had squandered his wealth, and with it his health, and when bankrupt in both he was content to die in poverty and without uttering a complaint. The instinct of a gentleman clung to him to the last. Such men are their own enemies, but no one's else.

There were other notabilities from France who sought refuge in London during the siege, and amongst the musicians who were not then famous were some who have since become so. Camille Saint-Saëns, for instance, who was quite a young man in 1870, was a very regular attendant at my concerts. He composed several songs for one of my vocalists, Madame Demeric-Lablache, and accompanied her himself upon the piano. The famous band of the Garde de Paris, now called the Garde Republicaine, was also sent out of Paris, and they took refuge at Boulogne, from which port the bandmaster, M. Sellenick, wrote asking me to procure an engagement for them in London. Acting upon my advice, Mr. Strange engaged the band for the Alhambra, where it had a prodigious success. Owing, however, to the French pitch being lower than the English, I was unable to let the band play with my own orchestra. The band-sergeant, Maury, was a very old acquaintance, and a capital solo player on the flugel-horn. Poor fellow! he has joined the majority; he died, I remember, in a madhouse a few years after. Another excellent performer was the solo saxophone player, named Mayeur. On becoming entitled to his pension Mayeur entered the orchestra

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of the Paris Opéra as solo saxophone, and there he still is. For many years he has also conducted the orchestra at the Jardin d'Acclimatation. At the fall of the Commune all the fugitive artists, of course, returned to their beloved Paris, there to spend the money they had earned whilst staying on the shores of perfidious Albion.

The popularity of promenade concerts at the Alhambra continued in 1871, but thinking it advisable to introduce some novel element, I formed the plan of arranging a Musical Composition contest. The board of directors approved of the idea, and at once voted a sum of 200*l.* for the best score. Composers of all nations were invited to compete, and the piece was to be a Grand Original Fantaisie for full orchestra, chorus and military band. Four scores were to be selected for performance by the jury, which was composed of Signor Arditi, Mr., now Sir Arthur Sullivan, Mr. F. Godfrey (bandmaster of the Coldstream Guards), Mr. J. Smyth (bandmaster of the Royal Artillery), and the chairman, Sir Julius Benedict. I was the conductor, and of course attended an enormous number of rehearsals. We received forty scores, the four selected being *A Soldier's Dream*, by Chevalier A. de Kontski; *War and Peace*, by Signor Badia, *The Siege of Paris*, by M. van Heddeghem, and a *Grande Fantaisie Guerrière*, by M. van Herzeele. The performance, which was gratuitously offered to the musical profession, took place on April 6th. The building was crowded in every corner, and general satisfaction was expressed at the award

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made by the jury, to M. van Herzeele. The *Grande Fantaisie Guerrière* replaced Jullien's *British Army Quadrilles* on the nightly programme, until the time came for another change at the Alhambra, and the withdrawal of promenade concerts.

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CHAPTER IV.

English opera at the Alhambra—"Rivière's Promenade Concerts" at Covent Garden in 1871—Cremorne without the dancing licence—Production of *Le Feu de Ciel* at the St. James's Hall—Destruction by fire of a van load of instruments—*Babil and Bijou* at Covent Garden—*Spring! Gentle Spring!*—The cheeky boy—M. de Billemont's walking-stick—M. Hervé—The Spring chorus in the Law Courts—A mad woman claiming its authorship.

HARDLY knowing what to do for the best, the Alhambra directors decided upon trying English opera, and Wallace's *Maritana* was mounted. It kept the bill for some time, but there was no gainsaying the fact that the Alhambra was not doing so well as it had done as a music-hall. When the dividends went down, expenses had to be curtailed, and I was asked to reduce my orchestra to forty musicians. Not liking the idea, I sent in my resignation, and then it occurred to Mr. Strange, who believed in me, to take Covent Garden for a series of promenade concerts, with me as conductor. No such entertainments had been given since the death of Alfred Mellon, and the moment seemed propitious for a revival. "Rivière's Promenade Concerts," as they were called, began on August 19th, 1871, with an orchestra of eighty musicians, the leader being Viotti Collins, and the solo cornet, Howard Rey-

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nolds. I had, also, a chorus of forty voices under Signor Lago, and a military band of forty musicians selected from the bands of the Royal Artillery and the Grenadier Guards, the bandmasters being J. S. Smyth, and Dan Godfrey. Sir Julius Benedict composed, expressly for these concerts, a grand triumphal march, called *Lusitania*, for full orchestra, military band, and chorus, conducting the piece occasionally himself, by way of extra attraction. Prince Poniatowsky also composed an Ode, *The return of Richard Cœur de Lion*, which was performed under his direction every evening during the twelve weeks' season. And, by way of variety, I engaged Sir Arthur Sullivan to conduct the classical part of the programme every Wednesday, whilst Mr. Joseph Barnby consented to conduct four oratorios during the season, namely, *The Stabat Mater*, *The Messiah*, *The Creation*, and *Elijah*, the services of Madame Rudersdorff being specially retained for these performances.

The principal vocalists engaged for the season were Mdlle. Mélanie Reboux, Madame Cora de Wilhorst, Mdlle. Rubini, Miss Julia Mathews, Madame Demeric-Lablache, Madame Haydée Abreck, Miss Emrick, Senora Clari Costello, Miss Helen d'Alton, and Madame Liebhart. Mr. J. H. Pearson, Mr. Whitney (from Boston, U.S.A.), Herr Carl Bohrer, Mr. Henry Norblom, Mr. Arthur Lincoln, Signor Rocca, Mr. Feitlinger, Mr. J. Kelm, and Mr. Edward Lloyd. Among the instrumentalists, I had, as violinists, Mdlle. Jenny Claus, Mdlle. Thérèse Liebe, Signorina Vittoria de Bono, and Viotti Collins; the pianists were Mdlle.

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Carreno, Madame Julia Wolff, Miss Flora Heilbron, Signor Ferrari, Miss Kate Roberts, and the Chevalier Antoine de Kontski; the organist was Herr Salzmann, and the cornet player, as I have already said, was the famous Howard Reynolds. The decorations at the back of the orchestra were superb, an ornamental framework having been designed and executed by the scenic artists, Grieve and Son. The theatre had the appearance of a richly coloured floral hall, spanned by lofty arches, forming an extensive and elegant conservatory. For my benefit, on the last night of the season, I announced a floral festival, each lady visitor being presented with a bouquet, whilst the gentlemen received buttonholes, the theatre itself being transformed for the occasion into a luxuriant garden. My first season at Covent Garden proved an artistic and financial success, and numerous compliments were paid me in many ways. My readers will perhaps forgive me putting under their notice some verses that were composed by the Chevalier de Chatelain, who was a constant visitor at Covent Garden. The poem was published in the *Courrier de l'Europe*.

L'EAU VA TOUJOURS A LA RIVIÈRE.

A M. RIVIÈRE, DIRECTEUR DES CONCERTS DE COVENT GARDEN.

L'eau va toujours à la rivière,
C'est un fait dûment constaté,
C'est un dicton très populaire
D'incontestable vérité.

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Des muses dans le sanctuaire
Sous un bâton d'autorité,
L'eau va toujours à la rivière,
Ta rivière . . . . . est le Lethé !

L'eau va toujours à la rivière,
Danaide d'un goût nouveau,
Sans cesse elle emplit son tonneau,
L'eau va toujours à la rivière !
Ses flots d'abord sont flots d'argent,
Et puis d'or devient la rivière ;
Oui, sous l'auspice du talent
Le flot court et forme rivière.

Avec le Chevalier Kontski
L'eau va toujours à la rivière—
Le Prince Poniatowski
Avec sa marche militaire
Pousse en avant . . . . le flot grossit—
L'eau va toujours à la rivière,
Plus le talent croit et grandit.

L'eau va toujours à la rivière.
Lorsqu'une armée a pour son chef
Celui que je chante . . . . . Rivière !
Dont la mélodie est le fief.
Honneur donc ! Honneur à Rivière
Puisse aller croissant son succès
L'eau va toujours à la rivière,
Lorsque le flot lui court après.

CHEVALIER DE CHATELAIN.

Guilford, 25 Août, 1871.

The following acrostic was also written about the same time :—

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R ivière est de London le lion musical
I nnovateur fameux des œuvres immortelles
V oyez à son signal, son archet infernal,
I nspire, émeut l'artiste, électrise son zèle.
E n le voyant on dit: quel cachet magistral!
R espirant pour son art les pures étincelles,
E t dans son petit être un souffle général.

FERNAND BURIER.

As during the winter of 1871-2 I had no engagement, I concentrated my energies on "The Musical Progress," composing and arranging music for various monthly journals, with very satisfactory and profitable results. In the spring of 1872, however, I was re-engaged as conductor at Cremorne, the proprietor then being Mr. John Baum. The dancing licence had been withdrawn, so my duties consisted in conducting concerts in the large hall, and a ballet in the theatre. I had an orchestra of sixty musicians, the principals, who were well-known men, including Goussens, who is now conductor in the Carl Rosa company, and Hasselmanns, a professor of the harp, at the present time at the Paris Conservatoire. The ballet selected for the season was Adolphe Adams' *Le diable à quatre*, with Mdlle. Bertolini as *première danseuse*. In spite of attractive musical programmes, and brilliant performances, it soon however became evident that, without dancing, Cremorne could not be made to pay. At the close of the season the members of my orchestra paid me the compliment of a dinner, which was held in the gardens, the occasion being also marked by the presentation

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of the following piece of poetry, written by a member of the band.

TO JULES RIVIÈRE, ESQ.

(As a token of esteem by the members of his orchestra.)

Draw round, ye sons of song, at friendship's call,
Your sweetest theme shall echo through the hall;
Awake the joyful viol, clash gay the lyre,
And every muse our simple lay inspire:
Whilst we in harmony our tribute pay,
To one whose worth shall never fade away.
Now, heavenly music, charm with dewy wing,
For 'tis thy noble champion's praise we sing;
Our captain, helmsman, pilot, friend, and guide,
His path our safety, and his name our pride.
Hail then to him, who, through revolving time,
The patriot shields from every varying clime;
Both Celt and Saxon—all his bounty share.
His lofty thoughts are rife of freedom's air.
Deep in his heart a magic well appears,
Brimful of tenderness and gentle tears;
Let but the widow or the orphan sue,
Then gushes forth his charity to view.
Hail to that heart, in which benignly blend
The kindly maestro, and the artist's friend;
Nor creed, nor country, prejudice his mind,
Yet a true patriot, rapt, inspired, refined!
His native land—sweet France—th' enchanting shore,
Where blooms the lily, and waves the tricolor!
Oft doth it seem the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
As if he saw his vine-robed hills of health,
His kinsman's blessing, and his nation's wealth.
Now on Albion's Isle he's link'd his fate,
And chose an English rose to be his mate;

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May freshest flowers grace their pathway blest,
Their home the dearest, sweetest spot of all the rest,
Around his hearth may guardian saints attend
Who never made a foe nor lost a friend.
His life a summer, beautiful and clear,
All peace and happiness attend you, Jules Rivière.

J. C. LEVEY.

July 27th, 1872.

It was during the Cremorne season of 1872 that an incident took place which resulted in the destruction by fire of all the instruments belonging to the band. At the request of a French millionnaire, named Emile Guimet, who was a great musical amateur, I was induced to arrange for the production, at the St. James's Hall, of a cantata he had composed entitled *Le Feu du Ciel*, the words of which were by Victor Hugo. M. Guimet had already had his composition performed in Paris and Lyons, and it was his ambition to present it in London. I enlarged my orchestra for the occasion, engaged a good chorus, and secured the services of Madame Lemmens Sherrington, Mr. George Perren, and Signor Foli for the solo parts. The arrangements for the matinée included the hiring of a large van for transporting the instruments to the St. James's Hall, and taking them back again to Cremorne in time for the evening entertainment. The performance passed off without a hitch. It is true it had cost M. Guimet 400*l.*, whereas the receipts only amounted to 50*l.*, but this is by the way. Where the significance of the title of "Fire of Heaven" seemed to come in was in the total destruction

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of the van in the King's Road, which was found by the driver to be on fire, as he was returning after the matinée. The man had time to cut the harness and save his horses, but van and instruments were completely destroyed, the fire being caused, it was supposed, by a spark from a match, though there was nobody to explain how it could have happened. The disaster involved me in no end of trouble for the evening performance, but we managed to surmount the difficulties that "The Fire of Heaven" had caused. Those of my readers who know Paris will be acquainted with the "Musée Guimet," which is a huge building near the Trocadéro. This museum, that was built by M. Emile Guimet, and presented by him to the city of Paris, contains innumerable curiosities and antiquities, collected during his travels in the East. This is the same M. Guimet who composed *Le Feu du Ciel*, the cantata just referred to.

A very few words of introduction will suffice to bring *Babil and Bijou* to the recollection of theatre-goers of twenty years ago, for this fantastic, musical, and spectacular drama was unique of its kind at the time, and as such it created an immense sensation when produced on August 29th, 1872, at Covent Garden. Written by Dion Boucicault, with lyrics by Planché, the music was entrusted to Hervé, Frederick Clay, de Billemont, and myself. Not one of my collaborators remains; all, I regret to say, have joined the majority. *Babil and Bijou*, therefore, recalls sad, as well as pleasant, souvenirs. What a cast we had

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for it, to be sure! There was Miss Annie Sinclair as Bijou, Mrs. Howard Paul as Mistigris, Mrs. Billington as Hydra, Miss Murray as Melusine, and the magnificent Helen Barry as Princess Fontinbrass; whilst the men included Joseph Maas as Babil, Lionel Brough as Auricomus, Wainwright as King Octopus, and G. Temple as Lord Dundreary. Mesdemoiselles Henriette d'Or and Céleste Lavigne were the principal dancers, and Signor Espinosa acted as ballet-master. It was, I remember, in *Babil and Bijou* that the late Mr. Maas made his *début*, his salary being 12*l.* a week. When he died he was receiving 50*l.* a night for two songs. Miss Annie Sinclair, who had a good soprano voice, also made her first appearance in the piece, and was paid 12*l.* a week for her services. This pretty and accomplished girl gave up the stage soon after, and entered a convent—a change of vocation that cannot be said to be common amongst pretty and accomplished women. Indeed, it would be disastrous to public caterers for amusement if it were so. Of the four principals (for Mrs. Howard Paul is also dead) there is only Lionel Brough left to amuse the playgoer. What a droll and contagious laugh he had, to be sure! and still has, for his powers happily are unimpaired. The best musicians out of my Cremorne band were engaged for the orchestra, and the choice again fell on Signor Lago for the post of chorus master. Spectacularly, no less than musically, *Babil and Bijou* was a prodigious success, the grand procession in the third act, representing the nine ages of man, being one of the hits of

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the piece. For this, the scene being the top of a mountain down which, and by tortuous ravines, came a long procession of all sorts of men and women in costumes of the different periods, from Adam and Eve downwards, an original march was composed by Frederick Clay. Another of the sensations of *Babil and Bijou* was the procession of Amazones, consisting of some twenty or more tall, handsome women in glittering costumes, with high silver-plated helmets surmounted by white feathers. The corps was led by Helen Barry, whose costume and helmet, to say nothing of her figure, were the talk of London. It was also in the third act that a ballet, called *The Four Seasons*, was introduced, the music for spring and summer being mine, and that for autumn and winter coming from the pen of M. de Billemont, a French composer of ability.

Spring! Gentle Spring! became so popular everywhere, that when it got on all the street organs, not a few among my friends declared they should owe me an eternal grudge for having produced it. The younger generation, however, may be glad to read M. Planché's graceful verses, so I subscribe them.

SPRING! GENTLE SPRING!

Spring! Spring! gentle Spring!
Youngest season of the year,
Hither haste, and with thee bring
April with her smile and tear;

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Hand in hand with jocund May,
Bent on keeping holiday;
With thy daisy diadem,
And thy robe of brightest green;
We will welcome thee and them,
As ye've ever welcom'd been.
Spring! Spring! gentle Spring!
Youngest season of the year,
Life and joy to Nature bring,
Nature's darling, haste thee here.

. . . . . .

Spring! Spring! gentle Spring!
Gusty March before thee flies,
Gloomy winter banishing;
Clearing for thy path the skies.
Flocks, and herds, and meads, and bowers,
For thy gracious presence long,
Come and fill the fields with flowers,
Come and fill the groves with song,
Make the orchards white with bloom,
Bid the hawthorn breathe perfume.
Spring! Spring! gentle Spring!
Youngest season of the year.
Life and joy to Nature bring,
Nature's darling, haste thee here.

Babil and Bijou, which ran for something like eight months, was remarkably well noticed in the papers, a second account of it appearing in the *Daily Telegraph*. As, in this second notice, the inference drawn by the reader was that the music of the boys' chorus, "Spring! Spring! gentle Spring!" was by Frederic Clay, the subjoined letter was published the next day by way of correction:—

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COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

To the Editor of the "Daily Telegraph."

SIR,—I have just read the second notice which has appeared in your columns concerning Mr. Boucicault's new piece, *Babil and Bijou*. May I venture to draw your attention to an inaccuracy? After a few complimentary remarks as to the music which I have composed for the piece, your critic expresses himself in specially laudatory terms of my quartette, "Wanda, pure spirit of the waters," and (in the same sentence) he alludes in like terms to the "Spring Chorus" for boys' voices. Although the authorship of the last-named extremely pretty piece of music is not directly attributed to me, I cannot help fearing that, from the context, it may be inferred that I composed it. It is, however, from the pen of M. Rivière, who has collaborated with me so loyally in endeavouring (I am glad to think successfully) to secure a good performance of the music, that I shall be grateful to you if you will allow me to give publicity to the fact that the effective piece to which I have alluded is his composition.—Your faithful servant, FREDERIC CLAY.

Garrick Club, Sept. 2.

The veteran writer, Planché, who was nearly eighty years of age, paid me the pretty compliment of composing the following verse in my honour :—

A JULES RIVIÈRE.

Spring! Spring! gentle Spring!
When this melody you hear,
You, in turn, the praise should sing
Of your minstrel—Jules Rivière!
Bid the birds in all the trees
In rich harmony reply,

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And their sweetest symphonies
Zephyrs breathe with his to vie;
Though to match the witching strain
Bird and breeze might strive in vain.

To which he added—

Voilà ce qu'il te faut! Mais ne vas pas le publier! Scélér t d'Apollon que tu es! Je consacre ces vers à l'album de Madame Rivière comme hommage de l'auteur et de

Votre tout-devoué,

PLANCHÉ.

The boys' chorus in *Babil and Bijou* had, as all theatre-goers of the time will remember, a phenomenal success, the credit of a deal of which must be awarded to Boucicault, whose conception of the idea was a very good one. He engaged twelve boys with fine voices, and had them clad in pretty costumes to represent gardeners, the scene being a large garden at daybreak in the spring of the year. The boys came on to the stage carrying watering-cans, spades, and other garden implements, four of them bearing on their shoulders a pretty child on a palanquin which was festooned with flowers. Forming a semi-circle, the lads sang "Spring! Spring! gentle Spring!" in unison, accompanied by the orchestra, and the effect was prodigious. The freshness of the boys' voices and the *tout ensemble* created quite a furore, and this continued through the run of the piece. A success was predicted for the chorus, I remember, by everybody in the theatre when we were rehearsing the piece, for the day I gave the manuscript of the music to Signor Lago, who

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taught and trained the boys, he got them perfect with it on the pianoforte in an hour's time.

Chance threw me in contact with one of the Spring Chorus boys only a year ago, when I was sitting in a West-End restaurant. Upon being addressed by a gentleman I could not recognize, I had to ask my interlocutor for his name, whereupon he told me he was the brother of Edward Solomon, the composer of *Billee Taylor* and other operas, and one of my Spring Chorus boys. I remembered then at once that little Fred Solomon was the smallest of the chorus boys, the youngster, in fact, who stood in the centre of the group, and who earned for himself the sobriquet of the "Cheeky boy," owing to his habit of staring round the house, and principally up at the gallery, as he sang. No wonder that in the well-grown man in front of me I had not recognized the child of twenty years before. There was nothing connected with the performance of *Babil and Bijou* that Mr. Solomon had forgotten. He was able even to remind me that the scarf-pin I was then wearing (a small fly composed of emeralds and diamonds) had been presented to me by the management at the last performance of the piece, on the occasion of my benefit.

I have already given the names of the composers of the music for *Babil and Bijou*, but there is an incident connected with my compatriot, M. de Billemont, that may amuse the reader. This gentleman, who was a very clever musician and a good-hearted fellow to boot, supplied the

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music of one of the ballets, conducting in person the orchestral rehearsals of his compositions. De Billemont was short and stout, and being also lame, he used a heavy walking-stick, for support as we all thought, and this he invariably kept close to him at the desk during practice. It soon became apparent that De Billemont walked out of the orchestra at the end of the rehearsals with the unsteady gait of a drunkard, albeit he came in every day perfectly sober, and never left his post during the performance. Mystified in the matter, the management set a watch upon his movements, and he was seen several times during the rehearsal to gently unscrew the head of this formidable walking-stick, put a small tube into it, and then introduce the tube into his mouth. The walking-stick contained rum.

Hervé who, to my way of thinking, had always been more or less eccentric, became increasingly so when he was composing his share of the music for *Babil and Bijou*. I saw a deal of Hervé at this period. For the purposes of our collaboration, we were in close contact with each other, either at Covent Garden or at my house at Maida Vale. I made his acquaintance originally in Paris, in 1850, and when, later, he came to London to mount *Chilpéric* at the Lyceum, I took care to be amongst the first-night audience to see how the crack-brained composer would acquit himself of the title rôle which he undertook. His first production in Paris, I remember, was entitled *Le Compositeur toqué*, a title that seemed singularly applicable to himself. A circumstance in Hervé's life, that I believe is

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not generally known, is, that whist he was studying at the Conservatoire in the early forties he was also engaged as organist at the Bicêtre Hospital, which my readers may know is a mad-house. He worked very hard, so at least I was one day assured by the governor, to inculcate the principles of music into the minds of the poor mad inmates, and was in the habit of organizing concerts and dramatic performances for their entertainment. Who knows but that the origin of his own eccentricity was traceable to this close contact with the poor demented patients of Bicêtre? *Le Compositeur toqué*, to which I have already referred, was followed by *Un Drame en* 1779, and other pieces, all of them being given at what is now the Théâtre Déjazet, on the Boulevard du Temple. After touring for some time in the French provinces in the capacity of light tenor, poor Hervé, on returning to the capital, found himself confronted with a formidable rival in Offenbach, who had sprung up and was carrying all before him in the very class of entertainment that Hervé had, in reality, invented. It was this rivalry with Offenbach, no doubt, that induced the French composer to seek the suffrages of the London public. Anyhow, he came to the metropolis after the war, and his repertory was popular for some years. That Hervé had occasional touches of insanity is certain; to his mental weakness, in fact, may I think in part be attributed the excessive vanity under which he sometimes laboured. He was a particularly voluble talker, but he had the unpardonable habit of always talking of himself and his

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compositions. The tales I have heard, to be sure! Speaking quite seriously, for instance, I have heard Hervé declare there was more melody and inspiration in his *Petit Faust* than in Gounod's *chef-d'œuvre*. And he spoke with absolute conviction, poor fellow, when he referred to himself as the greatest composer in the world. It would, in such moments, have been a venturesome man who would have attempted to contradict Hervé. I well remember his driving up to Maida Vale one morning during the run of *Babil and Bijou*, and rushing in to me with a singularly happy smile on his face. To have taken no notice of his evident joy would have hurt his feelings, I knew, so I asked at once what was up. "Rivière, my boy," exclaimed Hervé, "I am beside myself with delight. I have received a letter from Halanzier, in which he tells me he has decided to entrust the music of a three-act ballet to me. So you may imagine my glee, old chap, for you know it has been the ambition of my life to write for the opera." I congratulated him, of course, though I had my misgivings about the accuracy of his story. Still his tongue ran on, and presently he started up and exclaimed, "I say, Rivière, did I tell you of the post-scriptum to Halanzier's letter? He writes, 'If your ballet is the success I anticipate it will be, I will get you then, at once, to re-write *Les Huguenots*; that is to say, to set the piece to entirely new music, for Meyerbeer has made an awful muddle of it himself.'" I no longer had any doubt of Hervé's madness. It was of a harmless kind, but it existed nevertheless. I have given

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these incidents out of many equally grotesque that I could enumerate; and I have introduced them by way of excuse for a *confrère* whose actions evidently, I have said enough to show, were not always under his own control, and whom I should consequently be sorry to see held responsible for the foolish letter he sent to *Le Figaro* only a day or two before he died. An adverse criticism it seemed had appeared in that journal respecting his *Bacchanale*, that had failed at the Menus-Plaisirs. The letter ran thus :—

26 Octobre, 1892, 36, rue Poussin, Paris.

MONSIEUR,

C'est avec le plus pénible regret que je vous informe, qu'à partir de ce jour, je renonce à mon abonnement au *Figaro*.

Après l'article cruel d'Henry Fouquier et le refus de ce journal de me donner une réparation équitable, ce journal n'a plus la moindre raison de franchir le seuil du compositeur français qui n'a jamais eu, probablement, son pareil.

Recevez, Monsieur, l'expression de mon chagrin profond.

HERVÉ.

A few days after writing this letter poor Hervé died insane.

To return, however, after this digression, to *Babil and Bijou*, which, besides being a spectacular triumph, was also a great financial success for several of us, though I very nearly threw away the chance I had with my boys' chorus of "Spring! Spring! Gentle Spring!" The piece had only been running a week, when, one morning, I received the visit of Mr. Hopwood, of the firm of Hopwood and Crew, in New Bond Street, who offered me *20l.* for the copy-

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right of the chorus. I believe I should then and there have struck a bargain, for the suggestion seemed to me a reasonable one, but, as Mr. Hopwood and myself were talking, I caught the eye of my partner, Mr. Hawkes. The transaction, I ought to say, took place at our business premises in Soho Square. From his desk on the other side of the room, Mr. Hawkes was making a number of signs and gesticulations to me, all, I could plainly see, signifying disapproval of my line of conduct. Consequently, I paused a minute and asked Mr. Hopwood for time to consider his proposal. As soon as we were alone, my partner, in his eminently practical way, pointed out that if the song was worth 20*l.* to one firm, it would be worth that sum to another, adding, "Why should we not publish it ourselves?" And we did. "Spring! Gentle Spring!" was, in fact, published at "The Musical Progress" in three different keys, and I arranged the melody also as a valse, besides introducing it in a quadrille, in a set of lancers, and into marches for all sorts of bands, string, brass, reed, fife and drum.

But this was not all. We published pianoforte fantasias by M. Dubois and Mdlle. Secretain, an air *varié* for the flute by Damaré, another for the clarinette by Waterson, one for the cornet by Hartmann, besides a violin fantasia by Deron. And we granted permission to various firms (and for fair remuneration too, I remember), to publish pianoforte fantasias by Benedict, Kuhe, and others. "Spring," in short, was soon everywhere, down to the street organs,

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as I have said. The leading London music-sellers took two and three thousand copies at a time, and large orders came pouring in from the provinces and America. Finally, I sold the copyright for France to Choudens for 40*l.* Our printers had a trouble to supply us fast enough, and for weeks we could not keep abreast of the orders that were brought back by a clerk we converted into a town traveller, and, who, for a long time, was known in the profession as "Spring." I cleared fully 2000*l.* by my simple melody of thirty-two bars, the arrangement being for me to take twenty per cent. on the net sales, and then share the profits equally with my partner.

I have already said that "Spring" was everywhere. Small wonder, then, that it got into the law courts, though it was with great reluctance I brought an action for damages for libel against the proprietor of the *Exeter and Plymouth Gazette.* This paper had published an article saying that the melody was to be found in the third figure of a set of quadrilles by Lanner, and the statement was copied in several London newspapers. The writer of the article called on me and offered an apology and money compensation as well, all of which, however, I felt unable to accept, because it seemed to me that my reputation was at stake, and that the matter could only be settled in open court. And yet I had the same wholesome dread of law in those days that I have retained to this hour, albeit I was subsequently destined to have an experience of the law courts that might have caused the ordinary newspaper

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reader of the time to consider me a very litigious man. There was practically no defence to the libel action, which was heard at Westminster, and to prove that I did not want to profit by the affair, I laid my claim at the modest sum of 10*l.* Obtaining a verdict with costs, I was perfectly satisfied, and I even regretted the 400*l.* the trial cost the defendants.

The chorus, however, was destined to be advertised once again in the courts. This time it was at the Westminster Police Court. All the London papers one morning published a report of an application that had been made to the sitting magistrate, Mr. Partridge, by a lady who had stated she was robbed, whilst travelling between Germany and London, of a song she had composed, and which, to her surprise, she found on sale at "The Musical Progress" with the name of Rivière attached to it. The applicant was advised, the report ran, to consult a solicitor. On reading this at the breakfast-table, I determined to appear before the magistrate, and, accompanied by my partner, I was in court when the judge took his seat. It transpired, however, upon inquiry from the judge, that the clerk had omitted to take the lady's address, and so, for the time, I had no remedy. We offered a reward of 10*l.* in the papers next day for the particulars we wanted, and within twenty-four hours the poor woman was unearthed, a constable, who came to give us the information, accompanying us to her house near the Chelsea Hospital. We found her to be a miserable-looking, demented creature, of whom no sense

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whatever could be made, and all we could get her to say was that she "bore Mr. Hawkes no ill-feeling," but that she "would dearly love to prosecute Rivière." We should have been inclined, seeing the wretched woman's mental condition, to let the matter rest there, but our worthy guide, the constable, had his duty to perform, and this consisted in making the lady put on her bonnet and go with us in a four-wheeler to the police court. The papers next day fully reported the little adventure, which ended in the mad claimant to the Spring chorus being taken care of in a lunatic asylum, whilst I, once more, was left in peaceable ownership of my property. Looked at in the light of advertisement, the protection of my rights in this matter was perhaps beneficial, but the litigation caused me no small worry at the time, I remember. Legal troubles, however, have been known to distress far greater philosophers than I can claim to be.

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CHAPTER V.

A season of promenade concerts at Covent Garden in 1873—Partnership with the Messrs. Gatti—Madame Antoinette Sterling's first appearance in London—Welsh festival—Artistic jealousy—A scene at Brighton—Setting up a brougham—Its speedy relinquishment—Girofle-Girofla at the Philharmonic Theatre—Concerts in Edinburgh—"Two Lovely Black Eyes."

WHEN arranging my plans for the year 1873, my thoughts reverted once more to promenade concerts, and I took Covent Garden from Mr. Frederick Gye for a term of sixteen weeks, which I believe is the longest season on record. As partners in this enterprise I sought the assistance of the Messrs. A. and S. Gatti. I had made the acquaintance of these now well known restaurateurs many years before; that is to say, on my first arrival in London. I am referring to the time when Hungerford Market was where the Charing Cross Station now stands, and when the large hall in the market, with its orchestra of half a dozen Italians, was conducted by Signor Benvenuti, who played the violin. There was a story attaching to most of the performers at the Hungerford Hall. The violoncello player, for instance

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was left-handed, whereas the viola player, who was a M. Legaré, and the only Frenchman of the company, had originally owned large estates in France, but having been ruined in speculation, had turned his knowledge of music to account for the purpose of a living. At the time I am speaking of—it was in 1857—another of the regular habitués besides myself was Bucalossi, the popular composer of dance music. He was quite a young fellow in those days, and used timidly to bring such compositions as his valse *My Queen* which ultimately became popular, for the band to try them over for him. Hungerford Hall, besides being known for its music, was celebrated also for its coffee and cheap ices, the proprietor being Giovanni Gatti, the father of the present proprietors of the Adelaide Gallery also the Adelphi and Vaudeville Theatres. A. and S. Gatti, when they succeeded to their father's business, migrated to the Adelaide Gallery, when Hungerford Market had to make way for the station, and they were very young men when I first made their acquaintance, but the business instinct that has since served to make them prominent men in the theatrical and commercial world was observable even then at that early date in their career. When, therefore, in 1873, I was in search of a partner for my Covent Garden concerts, their names first occurred to me, and the proposition being put before them, we together carried out the plan I had formed. This consisted in spending a deal of money in elaborate decorations, which comprised converting the back portion of the orchestra into a sort of fairy garden, in

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the centre of which the Gattis placed a huge mass of ice surrounded with foliage and flowers. This original idea was a great hit, and the cooling effect of the pyramid in very hot weather proved delightful. The Gattis were, of course, the refreshment caterers, Edward Murray was the general business manager, whilst I concentrated my energies on what I understood best, namely, the music. One of the principal attractions of the season was the engagement for eight weeks of Carlotta Patti, sister to Adelina Patti, at a salary of 150*l.* a week, and J. Levy, who was then at the zenith of his popularity, was the solo cornet player, his success also being immense. I had, besides, Josef Gung'l, the celebrated composer of waltz music, who conducted two of his own compositions every evening throughout the season. Another popular feature of the concerts was the *Wedding March* called "Alfred and Marie," composed expressly by Sir Julius Benedict in honour of the marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh, and in which the composer introduced the *Russian National Hymn*, *The Blue Bells of Scotland*, and *The Lass that loved a Sailor*. Sir Julius Benedict conducted the Wedding March himself, whilst to my share of the nightly labours fell, besides other duties, the task of conducting a selection I arranged for full orchestra, military band, and chorus, of Lecocq's *Fille de Madame Angot*, then enormously popular, besides a grand selection, also of my own arranging, from *Babil and Bijou*, with, of course, the Spring chorus, for which I managed to collect together the twelve original boys, who appeared in

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their gardeners' dresses—new ones, I need not say, for in a twelvemonth they had outgrown the others.

There will probably be none amongst my readers who need to be reminded that in some instances even the greatest public reputations have had small beginnings, but few will perhaps be prepared to learn that when Madame Antoinette Sterling made her first bow to a London audience at Covent Garden in 1873, she was so glad to get a hearing that she offered to sing for me without any remuneration whatever. It so happened that I had made all my engagements for the season when this lady called upon me, bearing a letter of introduction from Sir Julius Benedict. I was compelled, therefore, to give the conventional answer about my list of engagements being complete, though I am bound to add there was sincerity in the regret I expressed, for I should have been really glad to do honour to Sir Julius' recommendation. Madame Antoinette Sterling, however, seemed determined to carry her point, and the result of her renewed entreaty was that I consented to put her name down in the programme for one song without payment. The singer selected Bach's *Cradle Song*, and her success from the first verse was assured. And so it came about that this since famous contralto, who was then wanting to make a name in London, offered me her services for one week at a nominal salary, just enough to pay for her cabs and gloves, an offer, I need not say, I gladly accepted. For two songs a night now I should have to pay the same artist 30 guineas, or more.

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Another artist who has since made a name for herself also volunteered to sing for her travelling expenses. This was Miss Mary Davies, who came from Cardiff for a Welsh festival I gave, when nothing but Welsh music and Welsh artists appeared in the programme. The performers included the composer, Brindley Richards; John Thomas, the celebrated harpist, with a band of harps; the Welsh baritone, Lucas Williams; the Welsh tenor, Eos Morlais; besides Miss Lizzie Evans, Miss Edith Wynne, and some other singers in their Welsh costumes. By way of extra sensation, I had the newspaper advertisements translated into Welsh. An irreverent friend remarked at the time that the success of the festival was due to the fact of my having thus fooled the public to the top of its bent. No such idea, however, occurred to me, or is likely ever to occur to me, for the patronage accorded to me during a long career has inspired me with feelings of the deepest respect towards the public. But there is probably, after all, something of the showman's temperament in every manager.

The season, which had been a brilliant success, closed on December 6th, when I gave Jullien's *British Army Quadrilles*. This was performed by the regular orchestra, augmented by the following military bands—the Royal Artillery, the Scots Fusilier Guards, the Victoria Rifles, the 4th Middlesex Volunteers, the 1st Middlesex Engineers, the 1st Tower Hamlets, the 21st Surrey Volunteers, the 9th Kent Artillery, together with the fife, drums, and pipers

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of the Scots Fusilier Guards. Another special feature of the entertainment was the appearance of the tragedian, T. Swinbourne, who recited Tennyson's *Charge of the Light Brigade* in the middle of the last figure, to thunders of applause. It was a tremendous night, 7000 persons having paid for admission, whilst many were turned away for lack of accommodation. Among these latter was an old friend of my own, Joseph Higham, the well-known brass instrument maker of Manchester. On reading the advertisement about the last performance, Mr. Higham came up to London with his wife, thinking to get a private box at the box office, and surprise me by their visit, but no reserved seats of any kind being obtainable, they had to spend their evening elsewhere. They related their experience and their disappointment when they called on me the next day, before returning home. Mention of the *British Army Quadrilles*, which had, from time to time during the season occupied a place on the bill, reminds me that a protest was entered against its performance by the proprietor of the adjoining Bedford Hotel. The noise of the firing on the stone staircase in the last figure was of so resounding a nature, that the hotel visitors were said to be prevented from sleeping, and an application, I remember, was made in the matter to the sitting magistrate at Bow Street. This functionary suggested my being written to on the subject. Whether the Bedford Hotel customers slept better when they got used to the noise, or whether Mrs. Warner adopted my suggestion, of distributing a batch of undated

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admissions to Covent Garden among her early retiring visitors, so that they should be kept out of bed till the firing was over, I am unable at this lapse of time to state, but I am happy to say there was no recurrence of complaints from my neighbours.

Some idea may be formed of this season of concerts if I append a list of the principal artists. The sopranos were: Mdlle. Carlotta Patti, Madame Sinico, Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Grisella Weiss, Miss Emily Soldene, Miss Grace Stuart, Madame Rose Bell, Mdlle. Marietta Berthier, Madame Blanche Cole, Madame Elena Corani, Miss Minnie Curtis, Mdlle. Cornélie d'Anka, Miss Mary Davies, Mdlle. Julia de Granville, Miss Alexandra Dwight, Mdlle. Mathilde Enequist, Miss Rose Hersee, Miss Mary Julian, Miss Adrienne Kortene, Madame Florence Lancia, Miss Pattie Laverne, Miss Constance Loseby, Mdlle. Linas Martorelli, Mdlle. Julie Marini, Miss Catherine Penna, Madame Amy Pettitt, Mdlle. Amalia Pitteri, Mdlle. Mélanie Reboux, Madame Pauline Rita, Miss Elena San Martino, Miss Florence Shaw, Miss Julie Siedle, Miss Annie Sinclair, Mdlle. José Sherrington, and Madame Lemmens Sherrington.

The contraltos included: Madame Demeric-Lablache, Madame Antoinette Sterling, Miss Ellen Arnim, Mdlle. Victoria Bunsen, Miss Helen d'Alton, Miss Estelle Emrick, Madame Enriquez, Miss Adelaide Newton, Miss Grace Palmer, Madame Poole, Miss Jenny Pratt, Miss Philippine Siedle, Miss Helen Standish, Miss Emma Warwick, Miss

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Marian Williams, Miss Lizzie Evans, Madame Osborne Williams, Mrs. Mathison Wynne, and Madame Patey.

The male singers, considerably less numerous than the ladies, comprised, however, some good names. Among my tenors I had Edward Lloyd, Charles Beverley, W. Enderby, George Perren, F. Gaynor, Henry Gordon, Selwyn Graham, Alfred Hemming, J. H. Pearson, P. Raynham, Wallace Wells, J. Tesseman, C. Stedman, Eos Morlais, Vernon Rigby, Herr Werrenrath, and Signor G. Guili.

The baritones were Signor Caravoglia, W. Alsop, Frank Celli, Furneaux Cook, Signor Fédérici, Frederic Penna, L. Wadmore, Jules Lefort, William Lucas, Mr. Patey, Signor Bordogni and Signor Gustave Garcia.

And the basses numbered Signor Foli, Miles Bennett, Thomas Birrell, Orlando Christian, A. Herbert, J. Hilton, C. E. Tinney, H. A. Pope, and Monari Rocca.

The list of instrumentalists was also strong enough I think to be worth recording. As pianoforte soloists there were the Chevalier Antoine de Kontski, Mdlle. Eugénie Benard, Robert Beringer, Fräulein Marie Zetdler, Miss Annie Wilson, Miss Bessie Waught, Madame Napoleone Voarino, Miss Emily Tate, Mr. Lindsay Sloper, Mdlle. Marie Secretain, Miss Linda Scates, Mdlle. Carreno, Miss Mariane Rock, Miss Julia Muschamp, the Misses Agnes and Violet Molyneux, Miss Ada Lester, Miss Flora Heilbron, Herr Wilhelm Cohen, Mdlle. Delphine Lebrun, and Theodore Ritter.

The violin soloists were Emile Sauret, Viotti Collins,

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J. B. Colyns, Alexandre Cornelis, B. de Salas, W. H. Eayres, Miss Nellie Guibert, Claude Jacquinot, Mdlle. Thérèse Liebe, Herr Peiniger, and Prosper Sainton.

Other well-known instrumentalists were L. Barrett (flute), F. Berry (piccolo), G. Clinton (clarinette), J. Dobell (oboe), Van Haute (French-horn), Madame Priscilla Frost (harp), J. Levy (cornet), Ernest Bonnay (Xilophone), Lasserre (violoncello), Van Biene (violoncello), Paque (violoncello), W. Pettitt (violoncello), Mdlle. Gabrielle Platteau (violoncello), St. Jacôme (flageolet), John Thomas (harp), Mme. Lucie Sievers (harmonium), and J. Pittman (organ).

I have already mentioned one or two conductors who assisted me; the complete list comprised Sir Arthur Sullivan, J. Waterson, John Thomas, J. Smyth, Brinley Richards, Herr C. Oberthur, Meyer Lutz, Hervé, Josef Gung'l, E. Guimet, A. Duvivier, Frederic Clay, Hamilton Clarke, William Carter, Sir Joseph Barnby, and Sir Julius Benedict, whilst the chorus master was Signor Lago.

During this very successful season of promenade concerts, my orchestra and chorus were engaged by the late George Watts for an afternoon concert in the month of November, at the Dome in Brighton. Mr. Watts also entered into arrangements with Mdlle. Carlotta Patti, Mdlle Cornélie d'Anka, and the pianist, Theodore Ritter. As we were unable to return in time for the beginning of the evening concert, I engaged the full string band of the Royal Artillery, under the conductorship of Mr. J. Smyth, to carry out the first part of the programme. We had a

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full attendance at Brighton, and everything went well, behind, as well as in front, till Mdlle. Cornélie d'Anka had finished singing Sullivan's lovely melody, *Once Again*, in the second part of the programme. Then an unrehearsed and somewhat disgraceful scene ensued. The singer had been more applauded than any other artist, and her success, so, at least, I learnt at the end of the concert, when I went to the artists' room, had so aroused the anger of Carlotta Patti, that this lady, it was profanely whispered in my ear by a member of the orchestra, "was preparing to make it hot for me." At a glance I could see that Mdlle. Carlotta Patti was suffering from a fit of artistic jealousy, but I was not prepared for the outburst that ensued. Tearing her gloves off literally in pieces, she flung them at my feet, vowing she "would never sing another note for me, or have her name in a programme with that woman." In the ordinary way, for artistic jealousies are matters that managers and directors have often to deal with, I should have sought to smooth over the difficulty, but I suppose I felt a certain resentment at such an onslaught being made on me at the close of a fatiguing and very successful performance, and, instead of adopting a conciliatory tone, I calmly replied, "Well, Madam, if you don't sing this evening, I shall not pay you, that is all." We got back to London in plenty of time for the second part of the concert, but the prima donna was as good as her word. She did not appear that night, which, fortunately for me, under the circumstances, was the last of her engagement.

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Evidently Carlotta Patti never forgave me, I won't say for her rival's success, for respecting that I was in no way responsible, but for not soothing my prima donna in a pardonable fit of temper. And of this I had proof a few years later, when, thinking Mdlle. Carlotta Patti would have forgotten the matter, I wrote and offered her a good engagement. This time she wasted neither time nor temper on me, the word "NO," with the signature, "Carlotta Patti," being all that I received by way of answer to my letter. But for the fear of being accused of lack of gallantry, I should be tempted to give other experiences of artistic rivalries between ladies. None of them however, I am bound to say, led to any estrangement like that which Carlotta Patti so needlessly, it has always seemed to me, built up between herself and me.

At the end of the season, Messrs. A. and S. Gatti secured the theatre for the following year, offering me the post of conductor, but we did not agree about terms, so the arrangement fell through, though we remained good friends, and are so to this day. After my season in 1873 there was a change of conductor every year, Hervé, Arditi, and Cowen appearing in turn, until Sir Arthur Sullivan assumed the position, which he kept for several seasons, till, in fact, the Gattis gave up promenade concerts.

In subsequent years my orchestra was engaged for series of concerts in the following towns: Manchester (four series); Edinburgh (two); Glasgow (two); Newcastle (two); Brighton (two); and Birmingham, Nottingham, Southampton, Bath, Hastings, and Liverpool, for one series at

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each place, while single concerts were given at Barnsley, Bolton, Winchester, Eastbourne, Sunderland, Stockton-on-Tees, Preston, and other places.

The success of the 1873 season at Covent Garden, where I had 30*l.* a week as conductor, besides my share in the profits with the Gattis, and a clear benefit night at the end of the season, made me think I was growing suddenly rich, and as a consequence, I did what many a man has done before me, I set about spending some of this rapidly acquired fortune. I started a brougham and horse, for convenience, as I argued, in getting about to my business in the morning, and also to my evening engagements. The stable and coach-house for 40*l.* a year were easily acquired near our villa in Maida Vale, and the brougham, which cost 130*l.*, was likewise quickly purchased; but when it came to buying the steed that was to drive me, like the wind, wherever I might want to go, then, for want of proper judgment probably, I came hopelessly to grief. And yet I gave a good price to a horse-dealer in Kilburn for what was sold to me as a five years old mare, and with which, in exchange for my money, I had a batch of testimonials, together with a pedigree. I thought things promised well, but my fine-looking gray steed had not taken me many times across the park, before the coachman discovered vicious tendencies in her, and she started kicking one morning so furiously that the man lost all control over her, with the result that we came into collision with a brougham. As we had a shaft broken I got rid of

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the lovely gray mare, for about what she would have fetched at the knacker's yard, and I thought I should be safer in my next venture if I appealed to a friend to help me in my choice. I thereupon asked the advice of a captain in the Honourable Artillery, of which corps I was bandmaster; but as he happened to be also a horse-dealer in Eaton Square, friendship, I soon found, was sacrificed to business, for the animal I paid my friend 90*l.* for, though it had trotted briskly enough round the square when shown to me, immediately developed signs of fatigue and decay. The veterinary I called in said the poor beast was suffering from a long-standing internal disease, from which it might never recover. So through the mediation of Aldridge, where I sent the horse for sale, I recovered 12*l.* of the 90*l.* my nine years old chestnut had cost me. In neither case, I may say, had my choice been guided by cheapness of price, or by any particular marks of beauty in the animals selected. Indeed, a friend, better skilled in horseflesh than myself, pointed out that the five years old mare had long mule-like ears, which not only detracted from her beauty, but also denoted obstinacy; whereas my Honourable Artillery friend's horse, with its long legs and neck seemed, so the ladies of my family said, to have something of the giraffe about it. Still I was not to be daunted, and my third venture in horseflesh (another chestnut, with reputed splendid action, and for which I paid 60*l.*), appeared at first to be likely to make us forget all the trouble we had had with his two predecessors. The dream, however, was

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not to be realized. The high-stepper was willing, but frisky—too frisky in fact, for, before I had had it a month, it dashed round the corner of Bow Street one afternoon in such fashion as to break one of its legs, besides completely wrecking the brougham. In despair, I gave up driving my own brougham. I discharged the coachman, paid six months' rent for the stables, and fell back once more in a spirit of perfect contentment, as well as of relief, upon the less stylish, but more economical hansom. If brougham driving had done anything for me, it was to detract from rather than add to my dignity.

In 1874 I was engaged as conductor of the Philharmonic Theatre, Islington, for the run of Lecocq's popular opera, Girofié-Girofla, where I had an orchestra of thirty musicians, and an efficient chorus under the late Mr. Pittman. The double rôle of Girofié-Girofla was played by Miss Julia Mathews, an excellent singer and very piquant actress, but her complete success was somewhat marred by the acute rheumatism from which she suffered to the point of martyrdom. It was painful, I remember, to see her struggling through the part at rehearsals, and it was a veritable *tour de force* that enabled her to conceal her suffering from the public. The Marasquino of the cast was a young tenor named Fisher, and Rosenthal made a splendid Moorzouk.

Early in the following year, that is to say in January, 1875, I accepted an engagement for a series of afternoon and evening concerts at the Waverley Market in Edinburgh, the manager, a Mr. N——, who treated with me in the

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matter, coming armed with all sorts of recommendations. I should probably under any circumstances have accepted the credentials offered, but when, in addition, a cheque for 100*l.* in advance was paid, together with return railway tickets for my sixty musicians, I felt that I was running but little risk, and the arrangements were speedily concluded. The instalments agreed upon, however, were not kept up, and I had the greatest difficulty in obtaining anything but occasional small sums. When the last day came, in the interests of my musicians, I plainly told the manager in question that if the account was not settled in the afternoon there would be no performance at night. This produced another trifle on account, with a positive promise of a full settlement at the end of the first part of the concert. But when the interval came it was discovered that the worthy manager was not in the building, and whilst I sat waiting to see if a messenger would come with the money, the audience in some way got to learn what the delay meant and started hissing. The hissing subsided directly I made my appearance in front of the orchestra to explain how matters stood, and when I gave the signal to my men to stand up and play *God Save the Queen* there was an outburst of applause, which was followed again by more hissing and groaning when we left the orchestra, the seats being completely broken and torn up.

My troubles, however, had not ended here, for upon inquiry at the station we found, when we wanted to be sure of having room in the night train, that although the return

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tickets had been issued, the full amount not having been paid, the half tickets would not be available. Expostulation was unavailing. These were the facts, and the balance of 45*l.* I was told must be paid before my men could pass the turnstiles. I was in a fix, for I knew no one in Edinburgh, and, having settled the salaries of the musicians out of my own pocket in the afternoon, I had only the sum of 15*l.* left in my purse. Fortunately my flute player, John Radcliffe, had a friend in the city, and with my promissory note for 30*l.* the loan was in this way effected. I took the precaution of paying the railway company the 45*l.* under protest, and on returning to town I instructed my solicitor to adopt measures for recovering the amount. The case never came on for hearing, the claim, together with costs, being paid by the railway company. Of the absconding manager I have heard nothing since; it is needless, therefore, to say that I lost the money I advanced for the men's salaries.

Some years later I paid another visit to Edinburgh, when another unusual experience occurred. It was not a money worry, however, this time, nor did I exact any payment in advance, for I had to do with Mr. H. E. Moss, a manager both well and favourably known in Edinburgh. But on arriving at the same Waverley Market I was not a little surprised to find that my concerts were to be supplemented by a number of variety shows. I awaited events, and at seven o'clock I began as usual with *God Save the Queen*, which was played to a crowded house, all the reserved seats even being occupied. The band then played the

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march from *Le Prophète*, which was followed by the *Zampa* overture. So far well, but when the clarinette player began his solo this was drowned by the noise of a powerful steam organ belonging to a round-about at the other end of the building, that was thundering forth Coborn's popular ditty, "Two Lovely Black Eyes." This sudden interruption made the visitors jump up in their seats to see where the noise came from, and there was nothing left for me but to stop the band and sit down. Sending for the manager, I explained to him that a band of trained musicians could not play to such an accompaniment as was then going on, and it was at once arranged that, during my concerts for an hour in the afternoon and an hour in the evening, all the other entertainments should be suspended. I never afterwards heard "Two Lovely Black Eyes" played anywhere, even on street organs, without recalling that awful din at the Waverley Market.

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CHAPTER VI.

Van Biene—His early struggles—His itinerant playing in the streets of London—Villa St. Avit—Promenade concerts at Manchester—Removing to Leicester Square—Tercentenary of Rubens' birth at Antwerp—Concerts at the Aquarium—A short season of concerts at the Queen's Theatre—Absconding directors—Covent Garden concerts in 1878—Mrs. Weldon—A season of concerts in Madrid—Death of my father—Mrs. Weldon at Covent Garden again in 1879—Commencement of difficulties—Litigation—Rivière *versus* Weldon—Law costs, 4000*l.*

In the long list of musicians that appeared at the Covent Garden concerts of 1873, referred to in the last chapter, was Auguste Van Biene, the great violoncellist, and manager at the present time of some half a dozen first-rate touring companies. Van Biene, like a number of clever artists, tasted the bitters of life at the outset of his career, when, as a very young man, he came to London in search of fortune. I made his acquaintance first in 1867 at the Alhambra, through one of the directors sending the young Dutchman to me to see if I could give him an engagement in my orchestra. Van Biene spoke English fairly well, and French with fluency, and as soon as I heard him play I was convinced of his talent as a soloist, but as I already

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had six violoncello players in my orchestra, none of whom were likely to leave, it was impossible for me to offer him a position then. However, I promised to bear his name in mind, and to recommend him or engage him the very first opportunity I had—a promise I was happily able to redeem soon after.

Auguste Van Biene's early London history is, I consider, so interesting and so pathetic, that I am tempted to put one or two incidents connected with it before my readers, feeling sure that my old friend, whose permission I know I need not ask for making use of his name, will forgive me for recalling these sad souvenirs. His story, as he told it to me in 1867, was that he had not been many months in England, though those few months had appeared an age of mental suffering. He had no money, was alone, and friendless, and only a feeling of ambition and energy had kept him from utter despair. "I lived," said Van Biene, "in a garret in Northumberland Court, Charing Cross, and one day, when I was both hungry and sad, I heard a man singing in the street. At the same instant, owing to a rush of warm air from the window, I smelt the odour of a dinner cooking. Suddenly, I formed a resolution. I borrowed a stool from the landlady, and with my violoncello under my arm, I went into the street. I walked a longish distance before I could muster courage to sit down and play, but at last I did, and as soon as I had put my cap on the ground, I began playing, and put all my soul into the performance I remember. As Goethe says, it was

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'Art for bread.' One by one coppers were dropped in front of me, and I continued playing till it grew dark, hunger and sorrow having, for the time, rendered me oblivious of all but my instrument. When at last I stopped, and looked down to count the money, it was to find that the threepenny pieces and coppers amounted to nearly seven shillings—a princely fortune for me. I walked away, and went in search of food, which I ate ravenously in the street under the shade of approaching night, and then, as a long desired treat, I bought half an ounce of tobacco and some cigarette papers. I continued this system of street playing for several days, taking care to vary my route, and usually also to get as far away from the West-End as I could, for fear of being recognized by the few musicians whose acquaintance I had made. This street playing brought very unequal returns. Some days I made 5*s*., some days as much as 20*s*. One afternoon, however, I ventured into Hanover Square, and I had not long settled down to play one of my best pieces, when I was addressed by a gentleman, who asked me, 'Why I did this?' 'Parce que j'ai faim,' I replied, truthfully. In giving me his card, which bore the name of Costa, my interlocutor told me to call and see him. This, therefore, was the origin of my engagement in Sir Michael Costa's orchestra at Covent Garden."

Another curious incident that happened to this struggling musician was the following. Encouraged by a short spell of prosperity, Van Biene had married, and then misfortune

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having again pursued him, he found himself once more entirely without money, when an offer of two guineas was made to him to play at a concert. "After the concert," says Van Biene, "I was paid the two guineas, and I started for home with a light heart, carrying my 'cello some two miles in order to get within a two-shilling cab fare of my abode. After paying the cabman, I bounded into the room, and chatted with my wife as to the purchases we would make, and the little debts we could discharge with the two sovereigns which I hastened to throw in her lap. Imagine our consternation when I found I had only the two shillings. In paying the cabman in the dark I must have given him the two sovereigns in mistake for the shillings. It was a terrible blow, and my fortitude gave way, and this, despite the fact that my wife tried to cheer me by speaking hopefully of our future. I wept till nearly morning. I could not help it."

These days of privation, disappointment, and gloom have, happily, long ended, and fortune has since smiled on the talented violoncellist. In fact, Van Biene's popularity as a player soon enabled him to save money enough to purchase the acting rights of Chassaigne's operetta *Falka*, and touring in the provinces with success, he was soon in a position to engage a second company, with like results. After a long run, *Falka* was replaced by Lecoq's *Pepita*, which also did very well, and, at a comparatively recent date, the enterprising touring manager entered into arrangements with the director of the Gaiety Theatre, to secure the sole

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provincial rights of the following Gaiety burlesques: *Faust-up-to-date*, *Ruy Blas*, *Carmen-up-to-date*, *Cinder Ellen up too late*, also the comic opera *Blue-eyed Susan*, and Planquette's *Rip Van Winkle*, in which last-named opera Van Biene himself played the principal part. The Adelphi drama, *The Lights of Home*, is another of the pieces acquired by Van Biene, whose most remarkable achievement, however, I consider, to have been his performance in 1892 of the part of Paul Borinski in *The Broken Melody*, which was written specially to introduce some violoncello solos.

After the manner of his countrymen, Van Biene has shown great aptitude for learning foreign languages—he speaks five, I believe, fluently—and the once itinerant player, from being a clever soloist, and a sound musician, has been able, so to speak, to translate himself, in turn, into a soloist, a conductor, an actor and a manager, and to make his mark in each capacity. It is no ordinary man who can do this, and with this small tribute to the talent of an old friend, I will now dismiss him, not, however, without expressing the hope that his well deserved popularity may continue.

The year 1874 was productive of no particular artistic event in my career. Indeed, the chief circumstance in it that recurs to my mind was the very unromantic if not minor one of a removal from Maida Vale to a pretty villa at Gipsy Hill, near the Crystal Palace. Here, at the Villa St. Avit, after spending a considerable sum of money on the garden, my wife and myself settled down for some years.

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The designation of the house St. Avit was, I need not say, a source of perpetual trouble with the local tradespeople, none of whom pronounced it properly, and over and over again I regretted having given it the name of the church of my village. One yields, however, to these little sentimental caprices sometimes, and without knowing why. I had quite a catalogue of whims in connection with the purchase of this new residence, not the least of which was the transmission from Aix-en-Othe, in the summer of 1874, of 200 fruit-trees for planting in the garden. Of course it was carrying coals to Newcastle, but the most prosaic of men give way at times to silly indulgencies, with no other plea than the weak one of sentiment to excuse them. In arranging the house, rooms were set apart for two of my intimate friends who had been in the habit of spending their summer holidays in England. These were Arban, the well known professor of the cornet at the Paris Conservatoire, and Armand Gouzien, the Government inspector of subventioned theatres in France. When everything was in proper order, with a pink room allotted to Arban, and a blue room to Gouzien, my wife issued invitations for a house-warming, which was to consist of a supper and dance. The printed invitation cards were very widely distributed with a view, of course, also to drawing attention to the change of address. In this way invitations were sent to these two old friends in Paris, and great was our surprise, and also our joy, I may add, to see them arrive when we were all in the middle of supper. They had had their invitations only the night

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before, and had started, on the spur of the moment, by the morning mail, and without having time to announce their arrival. The pink and the blue rooms, would, in the ordinary course on such an occasion, have been appropriated by some other friends, but the Paris travellers were immediately escorted to their respective apartments, for all the world as if the party had been organized especially in their honour. Women are, somehow, full of resource on such occasions. Arban and Gouzien are only memories now, for both these dear friends, alas! are dead.

At Easter, in 1875, I gave a series of promenade concerts in Manchester, taking (in partnership with my old friend Joseph Higham, the celebrated brass instrument maker in the town) the Prince's Theatre for the purpose. This is one of the prettiest theatres in England, and, at the time I speak of, it was under the direction of the actor Charles Calvert. We had an orchestra of seventy musicians, besides the reed band of the 1st Manchester Volunteers, of which Higham was bandmaster, and an efficient chorus. The leader and solo violin was M. Vivien, a professor at the Conservatoire at Liège; Levy was the solo cornet, and several of the principal performers came expressly from Paris and Brussels. We had crowded houses, and the season was a big success. Once a week I gave Macfarren's Oratorio, *John the Baptist*. It was then new, and with Madame Lemmens Sherrington, Miss Poole, George Perren, and Wadmore in the cast it was a great draw. As we were, I am sure, indebted for some of our success to

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the ability and exertion of my acting manager, W. B. Healey, who is now a concert agent, I am glad to have the opportunity of making this acknowledgment to the old friend who was instrumental in enabling us to clear 400*l.* by the season.

The following year, at the same season, that is to say at Easter, Charles Calvert called to see me in London for the purpose of explaining to me his plans for another season of promenade concerts, his project being to undertake all the responsibility himself, and to pay me a good salary for my services. I fixed my price at 50*l.* a week, and, these terms being accepted, I arranged for an orchestra equal to my own of the previous season, except that Levy, the cornet player, who in the meantime had gone to New York, had to be replaced by the best man I could get, and this was Mr. Chavannes, the French player, who, from that time till now, has held the position of solo cornet at the Monte Carlo concerts. I am not going for a moment to infer that Calvert did not understand management as well as myself, for whereas I have never had any extraordinary confidence in my own talent in this direction, Calvert, on the other hand, had attained undoubted celebrity as an actor-manager. But for all that, the second season of promenade concerts at the Prince's Theatre was not a financial success, and yet an original idea that Calvert had of putting a dozen tableaux representing scenes from Shakespearean plays at the back of the orchestra, where visitors in promenading round could see them, was at once a novelty and an

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attraction. Where, however, I thought he went wrong was in doubling the prices as he did. Visitors to the promenade had to pay *2s.* instead of *1s.*, and the same rule prevailed in other parts of the house. As a consequence the concerts were badly attended, and though at the end of a fortnight a return was made to the old scale of charges, still the public was not to be wooed back, and the season resulted in a loss of 600*l.*

An event of some importance, in what I will call the commercial portion of my career, occurred about the same period. It was the removal of the business firm of Rivière and Hawkes from Soho Square to much larger and more commodious premises at 28, Leicester Square. Our stock of musical instruments had increased to such an extent that the three floors of the roomy premises in Soho Square were no longer enough to hold them, so when I saw that the building adjoining the Alhambra was to let, we were not long in settling about the lease. The premises, which have a large frontage on the square, reach, as does the Alhambra, back to Castle Street. They had been used as a drill hall by a regiment of Artillery Volunteers, and although all sorts of difficulties presented themselves with regard to the amount of remodelling the place would have to undergo, we did not hesitate, for the rent was comparatively low, namely 400*l.* a year, including large underground cellars. And events justified our decision, for we soon sub-let the upper part of the house to a wine merchant who had access to the cellars in Castle Street. This arrangement left us with

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very little rent to pay for our share, though we had spent about 1500*l.* in converting what had been a drill shed, used for cannon practice, into handsome show rooms. The house in Soho Square, which is freehold, and belonged then to the firm, became my exclusive property, money being wanted in the business for the extension of "The Musical Progress." I bought it therefore out of money I had meanwhile saved, and this house is my property still.

For some years it had been my habit to take a summer holiday on the Continent with my wife. We thus, in turn, visited Belgium, Germany, Italy, Switzerland and Spain. In August, 1877, we set out for Belgium, for it was my desire to be in Antwerp on the occasion of the grand fêtes given on the third centenary of the birth of the great Belgian painter, Rubens. I can recall, as if it were but yesterday, the festival held on the Place Verte, in the centre of which stands the statue of Rubens. All the principal performers from the different choral societies of Belgium took part in the celebration, to the number of over 3000. Pierre Benoit, who conducted, wrote a magnificent cantata for the occasion, and everything promised well for a splendid entertainment. At one time in the evening, however, it seemed as if the weather was bent on marring the event, but as the hour for beginning approached, the storm cleared as if by enchantment, the clouds dispersed, and a grand al-fresco fête was the result. M. Benoit took the opportunity of introducing the Carillon into his Cantata (Antwerp, as my readers will know, is celebrated for its set of bells), using

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for the purpose the actual bells of the adjoining cathedral. Four trumpeters were also posted on the tower of the church, and played a very important part in the Cantata. The effect of the finale was grand in the extreme, an immense volume of music being produced by the combined bands as they played a special arrangement of the Belgian national air, "La Brabançone." The next day we attended a concert in the Zoological Gardens, when, upon my praising a march named *En Avant*, it was offered to me by M. Painparé, the conductor, for publication at "The Musical Progress"—an offer I gladly accepted, publishing the march and calling it "Forward," by Doppler.

On returning to London in the autumn of 1877 I gave, at my own risk, four grand orchestral concerts at the Westminster Aquarium on four consecutive Saturdays. I enlarged the orchestra to eighty musicians, and engaged all the principals from Paris. Besides good singers, I secured the band of the Coldstream Guards, and the experiment, which was a distinct novelty, proved a success, 14,000 visitors passing the turnstiles for the first concert. The net profits for the four concerts amounted to 300*l.*, and I much regretted being unable to accept the offer made to me by the directors of the Aquarium to continue the experiment. But I was bound by agreement to conduct a four weeks' season of promenade concerts at the Queen's Theatre. It was at one of my Aquarium concerts that Miss Georgina Burns, who has since become famous, made her *début* in London by singing a little

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Scotch duet with her sister, Miss Cora Stuart. Colonel Mapleson, however, arranged to continue the Saturday concerts I had begun at the Aquarium, and the Italian opera season being over, he was able to have some of the star vocalists from Her Majesty's Theatre, with Signor Arditi as conductor. Still the concerts were a failure, not certainly owing to lack of quality in the entertainment, but for the same reason that had proved disastrous the year before at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester. The admission was fixed at *2s.*, and *1s.* being the accepted price for promenade concerts, the public showed their resentment of the change by staying away.

My experience at the Queen's Theatre made me still further regret having been unable to continue at the Aquarium, for it was altogether a disastrous affair for me in Long Acre. And yet the names of the four promoters of the scheme looked well on paper. They were Mr. N., a City banker, Mr. S., a brewer, Count d'A., and Mr. B., who was spoken of as the manager. Matters started swimmingly enough, and everything seemed to augur well for a good season. I engaged in my orchestra Cornélis, the professor of the violin at the Brussels Conservatoire, as leader, with Van Biene as principal violoncello, and amongst a host of clever musicians I had the late Alfred Cellier as sub-conductor, and Mdlle. Ida Servais, a brilliant soprano, and a daughter of the celebrated Belgian violoncellist, as star vocalist. There was nothing to complain of for the first fortnight, seeing that the salaries were paid on Saturday at the

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regular time; but, at the end of the third week, only part of the money was forthcoming, and I was put off with a positive promise for the payment of the balance. The over-due account, however, was not paid at the beginning of the fourth week, and, yet, for my own sake, I did not like to break faith with the public by stopping the concerts, so we went on. The last night, by arrangement, was set apart for my benefit, and with the kind assistance of several leading and favourite artists, I was able to advertise a most attractive programme. With a view, as I thought, of taking all necessary precautions, I had our book-keeper from Leicester Square to look after the receipts, and my old friend D'Oyly Carte volunteered to come and survey matters for me in front of the house. Disaster, therefore, seemed to be impossible, but it nevertheless came. I found the house quite full on my arrival for the concert, and I was, moreover, put in good temper by the garlands of flowers I found ornamenting my conductor's desk, not to mention a handsome bouquet that was placed in front of my wife's box. The first part of the concert over, I naturally hastened round to the front to learn something about the figures, and was horrified to learn that the four worthy directors and managers had cleared out, taking care before their departure to pocket every shilling of the receipts. Nor was this all, for the brokers were in the building for rent, and among the things seized was an Erard's grand piano. I felt considerably discouraged, I own, but I made an appointment for all the musicians and vocalists who had taken part in the concerts

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to meet me on the following Monday afternoon. Meanwhile I got together the necessary sum to pay everybody, and this amounted to nearly 600*l.* I have never seen any of these four directors since, and all I have ever learnt of them was that the "city banker" was soon afterwards in the bankruptcy court for 40,000*l.*

I did not long remain discouraged after the events just related, for in 1878 I tempted Fortune once more by renting Covent Garden for five weeks from the Messrs. Gatti, for a series of promenade concerts to commence on October 5th. I engaged a large orchestra, augmented by a military band of forty, half of the men being selected from the Scots Guards and the other half from the Royal Artillery. I had also a chorus of forty voices under the direction of Mr. J. Pittman. There was a good violin player for each week, namely, Herr E. Remenyi (a Hungarian), M. Vivien (a Belgian), M. Sainton (the recently deceased French violin leader), Mdlle. Vaillant (a Frenchwoman), and Mr. Carrodus, the great English player. Van Biene was my principal violoncello, and M. Chavannes the solo cornet. I introduced to the British public at these concerts the novelty of Mengeot Brothers' new double-piano grand, which was played by M. Jules Zarebski, the celebrated Polish pianist, a pupil of Liszt. This wonderful instrument, which, at the time I speak of, was the only one in existence, was brought over from the Paris Exhibition expressly for my concerts. In this novel instrument two key-boards are placed one above the other, as with an

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organ, the lower sounding notes as on the ordinary piano, and the upper just as if the strings were reversed, the treble being where the bass always is, the bass where the treble is. The object is to bring notes of opposite pitch into immediate juxtaposition, so that they may be reached with greater facility and sureness than is the case with the single keyboard.

It was during this same season that Mrs. Weldon made her first appearance at my concerts at Covent Garden, a circumstance that marked a new and a disastrous era in my professional career. Mrs. Weldon had just been attracting a good deal of public attention in the newspapers owing to the discussions that had arisen concerning her husband, M. Gounod, and the mad doctors, and when she offered to sing for me, thinking her name would be a draw, I accepted with a certain feeling of gratification the lady's services for the last fortnight of my season. Mrs. Weldon wanted no remuneration, the only condition she imposed being permission to distribute in the theatre a certain number of circulars and to have a few posters put about relating to some meetings to be held at her house. However, though the lady accepted no salary, I felt it only right to send her a cheque by way of donation to her orphanage, and the season ended thus and without any trouble whatever occurring. I had a very full house for my benefit, one of the items on the programme being a selection from Sullivan's opera, *H.M.S. Pinafore*, which was then quite new, and that was performed in front of the

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orchestra by the artists from the Opéra Comique in costume (by permission of D'Oyly Carte); another attraction being a selection from Planquette's *Cloches de Corneville*, which was also rendered in costume by the Globe company (by permission of Mr. A. Henderson). An extra night was given on November 4th for the benefit of my acting manager, the late Mr. Samuel Hayes, the occasion being marked by the first appearance at the Covent Garden promenade concerts of the great English tenor, Sims Reeves.

At the conclusion of the season I arranged for a series of concerts at the Dome at Brighton, where I took with me my full orchestra, the chorus, and the principal singers from Covent Garden, including Mrs. Weldon, who was then quite on friendly terms with my wife and myself.

The next year brought a certain change with it for me, as, in the spring of 1879, through the agency of M. Paravicini, I went to conduct some grand orchestral concerts at the Theatre del Principe Alfonso, in Madrid. I shall never forget our long journey from Paris to Bayonne, or the still longer one from the French frontier to Madrid. On leaving St. Sebastian I took care to appeal to the guard of the train respecting our luggage, and was assured by that civil official, who happened to be a German, that "it would be all right," his concluding remark being, "Ya, I jell dake gare of ze pig drunk." I understood him to mean the big trunk, and settled down again with my wife, who accompanied me, to endure, with what equanimity we could,

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more tobacco fumes from the Spanish Hidalgos who filled the first-class compartment we were in, and literally choked us with their smoking. On arriving at Madrid, however, neither the big trunk nor a portmanteau we had were anywhere to be found, and we had to make our way without them to the Hôtel de Paris, where I had secured rooms, and where we patiently awaited events. Telegrams were sent to the frontier, but for days there was no trace of the missing luggage, and we were reduced to the unpleasant necessity of buying ready-made articles of clothing from day to day. I even regretted my wife's good habit of having no hand-bags or portable luggage to look after on our long journey, for we should have been right glad, at least, to have had pocket-handkerchiefs and slippers at the end of our journey without having to send out and buy them. However, when the day for the first concert approached and the luggage was still missing, I began to get uneasy, for I fully realized that I should cut a sorry figure in a drab travelling suit in the centre of an orchestra. Such a disaster as this would have been was, fortunately, averted, owing to the kindness of an English visitor to the hotel, a Mr. Higston. This gentleman had heard of the plight we were in, and as he happened to be about my height and size, and turned out also to be a neighbour, he living at Croydon, and ourselves at Gipsy Hill, he was good enough to offer me the use of a dress suit, an offer that, under the circumstances, I gladly accepted. Indeed, it seemed as if I should be wearing my newly-found friend's suit out for him, for

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another week elapsed before the strayed luggage came to hand, and then no reason was given for the long delay that had occurred. The large box and the portmanteau were both delivered at the hotel unlocked, though the contents were intact. However, with the professional part of my visit to Madrid I was fully content. The eighty musicians I had under me were mostly recruited from the Grand Opéra, and were, without exception, uncommonly good performers, especially as regards the stringed instrument players. One of the violinists, for instance, named Brindis de Salas, so pleased me (he was a native of Cuba, and the owner of an ebony black skin) that I engaged him as a soloist for my next season at Covent Garden. By way of attraction at the concerts, I introduced several novelties to the Madrilenes; these included Delibes' ballet, *Sylvia*, which was performed at Madrid for the first time by me, also a *berceuse* by Dunkler, *Au bord de la mer*, which had to be repeated three times whenever it was in the programme, a circumstance that was due, in part, I am sure, to the exquisite violoncello playing of a Belgian in the band. There was, besides, a pastoral fantasia entitled, *A summer day in Norway*, which was equally well received.

I am not going to commit the heresy of saying that neither Madrid, in particular, nor Spain, in general, pleased me, for, from the artistic point of view, Spain offers a deal to attract and delight the foreigner, but the bull-fights seemed to me then, and have seemed to me ever since, to be a sickening, brutal, and a degrading spectacle. I had heard

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of the excitement prevailing amongst men and women alike at these bull-fights, that are held in all the leading towns on Sundays, but till I witnessed the scene for myself, I could not conceive all the horrors attendant upon it. I failed to induce my wife to go near the arenas except on a Monday, when I wanted to show her the building; and our selection of Monday proved to be unfortunate, for, though there was no performance, we saw workmen scraping and washing away the gory mess left from the previous day, and preparing the place for the next "entertainment."

The museums, churches, and palaces, however, atoned, to my way of thinking, for a deal that was disagreeable in other respects in Madrid, where what amused me perhaps most of all was the way in which the bands played, as they marched in front of their respective regiments. For instance, they will play a march in the movement of a galop, and play it so quickly that the soldiers, while marching, seem to be performing feats of gymnastics. It was really a funny sight. The cavalry officers, too, are peculiar-looking men from their shortness of stature. Their small legs and spurs six inches long give them a particularly droll appearance. I came home from Spain with the impression, among others, that cattle are badly treated in that country, especially the horses and mules, which have all a very dilapidated and worn-out look. We returned to France *viâ* Barcelona, which struck me as being a prettier town than Madrid, and then, after staying at Narbonne and Perpignan, we

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found ourselves at Marseille, whence we branched off to Cannes, to join my old friend Paul Brick. Before, however, we had time to settle down at Cannes for a little rest I was summoned to the bedside of my father at Nogent. He died in 1879, as had my mother in 1870, in the Hôtel de Jerusalem, already referred to in the opening chapter as the birthplace of the Blacque family. The hotel, with other property, having come to my mother on the death of my grandmother in 1861, my parents at once left Paris and took up their residence at Nogent, and here it was my mother spent the last years of her life, seemingly oblivious of the tragic scenes she had witnessed as a girl, for her intellect had become enfeebled, and she passed her time knitting busily and singing old ditties as she sat plying her needles. My father, on the other hand, was both physically and mentally robust. His constitution, in fact, was so sound that he was in the habit, when more than eighty years of age, of spending a month with me in London during the summer; travelling alone, too, if friends did not happen to be coming by the same train. For the last two or three years of his life, however, it was I who went to see him, instead of his coming to me.

During my stay abroad, and principally whilst I was at Madrid, I kept up a close correspondence with Mrs. Weldon, respecting the projects for the next season at Covent Garden, for I had taken the theatre again from the Gattis for a series of promenade concerts. One of the points urged by Mrs. Weldon was an increased chorus, her suggestion

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being that it should consist, for the most part, of amateurs, with some paid leaders. She wanted it to be called "Mrs. Weldon's Choir," and to let the amateurs, by way of remuneration, have admission tickets given them, for distribution amongst their friends. Thinking the idea a good one, I acquiesced in it, and the correspondence on the subject was carried on in the most friendly fashion, Mrs. Weldon addressing me as "Mon Général," and I her as "Lieutenante." By way of experiment with the new system I gave three Saturday concerts in August at the Crystal Palace, and though they resulted in a loss, I was by no means discouraged, but carried out the arrangement proposed, Mrs. Weldon coming often in company with her inseparable friend, Madame Menier, whilst the negotiations were pending, to stay with my wife and myself at Gipsy Hill, which enabled us, while talking matters over, better to mature our plans than we could do by correspondence.

The season, which began in October, 1879, opened well, for besides a good orchestra I had a number of noted singers. The American soprano, Miss Emma Thursby, was the star, her salary for the entire series of concerts being 100*l.* a week. Her voice had scarcely the required volume for so huge a theatre as that of Covent Garden, but her engagement was nevertheless a success, and associated with her was Mdlle. Hamackers, a Belgian soprano, from the Brussels Opera House, besides Madame Antoinette Sterling, Miss Hope Glen, Miss Helen d'Alton and Miss Mary Cummings; also Mrs. Georgina Weldon, with her

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choir of 120 voices. Van Biene was again my principal violoncellist, and Cornelis the solo violin and leader.

The trouble I had with that choir I shall never forget. It was terrible, and baffles all description. Still, I did not lose heart, though my patience was sorely tried by Mrs. Weldon, who, from the commencement of the season, had completely changed her tactics with me. Her manner, in short, had become unbearable, and the small daily quibbles that arose speedily developed into angry disputes till the climax came, when arrangements were being made for the lady's benefit, this being one of the conditions of her agreement. Mrs. Weldon had the audacity, for I can call it nothing else, to write me a formal letter announcing that she would dispense with my services on the occasion in question, it being her intention to conduct my orchestra herself. This was the last straw, and, determined to put an end to the annoyance caused by this lady's vagaries, without further ado I dismissed her and her choir with her. I will not weary the reader with a recital of the numerous petty vexations I endured at Mrs. Weldon's hands, but will leave him to form his own opinion on the subject by submitting one of many similar acts to his consideration. On stepping into the orchestra one evening, I observed that, in addition to the usual programme, which was white, the visitors were all possessed of a yellow circular, which I could see was being very generally and attentively scanned. The overture ended, I appealed to my secretary for an explanation, and with reluctance he told me the pamphlet, which was of a

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vilifying character, and referring to me, had been distributed at Mrs. Weldon's instigation to every visitor entering the building. How I got to the end of my programme that night I am unable to say, for the tension to my nerves was almost more than I could bear, but, instinctively, I felt that the sympathies of the house were with me, a feeling that subsequent events fully justified, and that I now humbly and gratefully acknowledge.

At this juncture I had, of course, no alternative but to give orders that Mrs. Weldon should henceforward be refused admitance to the theatre, and consequently, when she made her appearance the following night, there was a scuffle between her and the attendants, which ended in the lady being taken by a policeman to the Police Station opposite. More pamphlets, I ought to add (this time with large portraits of Mrs. Weldon on the front page), were again distributed to people coming to the concert, one being even thrown at me in the brougham that conveyed me to the theatre. I took my usual benefit at the end of the season and had a crowded house, but it was a great, indeed, an immense relief to me when the series of concerts ended and I could rest a bit after all the conflicting emotions that had been called forth by public support on the one hand, and on the other by Mrs. Weldon's strange conduct.

As a result of this lady's extraordinary behaviour, which she continued by a series of publications that appeared in various papers, my solicitors advised me to bring a criminal action for libel against her. The case was tried at the Old

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Bailey before the Recorder of London, the late Sir Thomas Chambers, when Mrs. Weldon was most ably defended by Mr Waddy, Q.C., who, however, was powerless to extricate her from the consequences of her acts, for she was sentenced to three months' imprisonment. Whether as the result of annoyance at finding her house in Tavistock Square let to other tenants during her residence at Newgate (a matter carried out by her husband) or from other causes, I know not, but instead of discontinuing her system of libelling me, another pamphlet referring to me was issued some time after she was released, and I was consequently compelled to invoke the aid of the law once more. Six months' in Holloway gaol resulted this time. And even in Holloway Mrs. Weldon persisted with her pamphlets, besides libelling me in letters to various persons. Determined to put a stop to such behaviour, I entered another action, and the case came before the Lord Chief Justice Coleridge. The judge saw, as by this time most people did, that Mrs. Weldon was evidently not to be judged by the ordinary standard, and he appealed to the counsel engaged in the case to stop this endless litigation if possible. The suggestion to which I was asked to accede, was to withdraw my case, upon Mrs. Weldon making a formal promise never to abuse me any more. I had such a very strong case against her, that I must confess I was loth at first to fall in with the proposed arrangement, but a feeling of pity for the misguided woman finally overcame me, and I yielded to the gentle persuasion of judge and counsel, and, accepting her

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signed promise to discontinue her libels, I withdrew my action. The costs, however, had been incurred, and the outlay for the array of counsel engaged in the different suits, and which included, amongst others, Lawrence (since created a judge), Henry Mathews (Minister in the late Government), Hall, Montagu Williams, and Charles Mathews, Jeffs, etc., was enough to make a richer man than I am ever likely to be grind his teeth with rage. Still the legal expenses connected with Mrs. Weldon did not end, for I had to defend actions brought for dismissing the choir. One of these actions, which was instituted by a man named Frederick Cooper, who was said to be secretary to Mrs. Weldon's choir, came before Baron Pollock at Westminster, and ended, after some four or five days' trial, in a verdict of 50*l.* for me, not one penny of which, however, did I get, for the "secretary" disappeared, and I have never set eyes on him since. A man named Harcourt, who was called Mrs. Weldon's factotum, also without having the smallest case, put me to the expense of defending an action, and again, whilst winning the day, I was saddled with a heavy bill of costs. I shall have reason to remember Mrs. Weldon all my life, for the litigation she drew me into cost me no less a sum than 4000*l.*, albeit I was, I am sure, very reasonably charged and kindly treated by my solicitors, Messrs. Dod and Longstaffe and Messrs. Wontner and Sons. Mrs. Weldon, it will be remembered, conducted her case in person, and therefore escaped the expense I had. Nor, of course, was the money expense

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all. It is never, in fact, the worst part of such business. This comes in the daily anxiety felt when actions are pending. One, so to speak, lives in a legal atmosphere that is most shattering to nervous and sensitive dispositions. Philosophize as one may about troubles in general, it is impossible to preserve a calm exterior and pursue life in the ordinary way, when one has a law suit down for hearing. Finally, to give one proof among many of Mrs. Weldon's desire to be disagreeable, I may mention that she made a habit of serving my wife with subpœnas for all these trials. Madame Rivière was never called, and, as a matter of fact, she could not have tendered any evidence that would have availed either side, but she endured what seemed to be agony to her timid nature, in being compelled to attend all the trials on the chance of being called to be brow-beaten by an opposing counsel. A man at such times gets a deal of consolation from the women of his family, but owing to this little ruse of Mrs. Weldon's, to a great extent this comfort was denied me, and instead it was I who had constantly to find reassuring words for my wife—an extremely sensible woman on most matters—but who, somehow, contrived to think that to be called as a witness was tantamount to being tried as a criminal. Women are strange, sensitive beings—some of them.

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CHAPTER VII.

Holiday-making—A broken leg—Convalescence at Cannes—Visit to St. Honorat—The fire at the Alhambra—The earthquake on the Riviera—Sarah Bernhardt at the Winter Gardens, Blackpool—Breakdown of performance—Re-engagement at the Alhambra—*The Golden Ring*—Death of Frederic Clay—Engagement at Llandudno—Success of undertaking—Friction with the Pier directors—My secession from the Pier Company—Rivière's new concert-hall.

AFTER all the troubles related in the last chapter I felt the necessity for a change of scene, and an invitation opportunely coming from my old friend, M. Lamare, who lives in a pretty village near Gillingham in Dorsetshire, I unhesitatingly accepted it. A most delightful prospect of contrast was opened up by the idea of a little rod-fishing after the choking atmosphere of the Westminster law courts. As a matter of fact, law courts, however well ventilated, would inevitably produce a choking, or stifling sensation, from the moral rather than the atmospherical point of view. But this is a question concerning the physiologist rather than the simple musician, so I will leave its solution to the man of science.

We had enjoyed (for my wife was with me) a most restful

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holiday of some weeks, the most exciting pleasure of which had been fishing, when, just as our visit was drawing to a close, it was marred by an accident that happened to me. Thinking to take a short cut one morning to join the party that had preceded me, whilst I remained indoors writing letters, I attempted to jump across a stream ten feet wide, and though I cleared the water I came down a cropper on one leg and broke it. I ought, of course, to have remembered that at sixty years of age a man cannot jump as he did in boyhood, and I paid dearly for my folly; not, perhaps, so much in physical suffering, for the broken limb was most skilfully set, and my recovery was very rapid, but when the time came to go about with crutches I felt my position very keenly, for I realized that in that condition I should never be able to appear in front of an orchestra. As it happened, my unfortunate accident only cost me one season's retirement. I had to give up a six weeks' engagement at Covent Garden in September and October, the promenade concerts being that year conducted by Mr. Weist Hill, but thanks to a good constitution I was soon able to resume my usual habits of life.

Thinking, probably, that this enforced idleness would have an irritating effect upon my nerves, the doctor who attended me advised a complete change of scene. I have a theory that doctors in sending their patients abroad do so, for the most part, either to get rid of a troublesome invalid, or to please the *malade imaginaire*. In this connection I came under the heading of a troublesome patient,

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no doubt. Still, the journey was by no means distasteful to me, especially as in Cannes, whither we directed our steps, we found ourselves in the congenial companionship of my old friend, M. Paul Brick, the bandmaster of the Musique Municipale of the town. M. Brick insisted even upon our taking up our quarters in a villa belonging to him, and no argument that I could use would induce him to accept payment of any rent. He was good enough, also, to arrange for our entertainment numerous excursions in the neighbourhood, guessing, and rightly so, that such distractions would help to make us forget the troubles and disasters of the past year. In this way we had several trips by steamer, one of which, at least, may be thought worth relating. We had started on a fine morning in February by boat to the Islands of St. Marguerite and St. Honorat, an hour's journey, or thereabouts, from Cannes. We visited the prison where *l'homme au masque de fer* spent his life, and climbed the high cliff from which Marshal Bazaine made his escape by night, and then we hired a small boat, just large enough for our party of four, for the purpose of crossing to the Island St. Honorat. There was a swell on the water at the time, and when we were in mid-stream the boat began to fill with water. Of course we grew frightened, for, although we could see the bottom, the water being clear, we also realized that it was beyond our depth, and despite the efforts of the boatman, who rowed as fast as he could, the boat and all its occupants went under when we were some twenty yards from the

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bank. We were up to our necks in water, but we managed to reach land safely, somewhat scared, I remember, and drenched to our skins, but otherwise none the worse for the temporary immersion. To say that we had ladies in the party, is to say that a little screaming was indulged in. These cries for help, however, proved of great service, for they brought some monks from the monastery to us, and the cordials they kindly provided soon restored our shattered nerves, and encouraged us to accept the offer they made for us to dry our clothing at the monastery, which happened to be the only building on the island. A difficulty then arose about the ladies, for there is a rule prohibiting women from entering the place. And in consequence of this we had to wait, shivering with cold, at the lodge gates, whilst the case was explained to the senior official of the convent, permission ultimately being granted to the lodge-keeper to show the ladies into a back room where a fire was at once lighted for them. A deal more pains was taken to ensure the comfort of M. Brick and myself, for besides being ushered into a room looking south, with a good fire in it, the monks lent us some gowns to wear whilst our own garments were being dried by the attendants. When we inquired about our wives, the tone in which we were told they "were getting on very well" did not embolden either M. Brick or myself sufficiently for us to suggest going to their assistance. I have always had the idea that these ladies owed their admission to the monastery entirely to M. Brick, whose buttonhole contained several decorations,

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including the Cross of the Legion of Honour. Looked at in the light of subsequent scandals, this respect for the owners of "red ribbon" may appear exaggerated and sometimes even mis-placed, but I have, nevertheless, unvaryingly remarked that its wearers receive extra attention everywhere in France. Our clothes being dry, the monks completed their attentions by offering us the hospitality of their table. Truth forbids me to describe the repast set before us as a Balthazzar feast, but frugal meals have at least one advantage, that of not causing indigestion or liver troubles; and as we happened to be faint with hunger after all the exertions and fatigues of the day, the food served, though plain to a fault, had a most welcome if not appetizing appearance. Hunger is said to be the best sauce; anyhow, we found it so at St. Honorat. On taking leave of our kind hosts, of course I put my name down as a subscriber to the funds by way of return for the attentions we had received, and from that day to this I have never set foot on the pretty island again, albeit we have stayed at Cannes a dozen times and seen quantities of excursionists return safely from the trip. We have been able, in recalling the event, to laugh over the disaster of our immersion, but, whenever friends are getting up boating parties from Cannes, the thought of that ducking so completely checks all desire on my part to join them that I confine my outings strictly to excursions by road.

Reinvigorated by a long stay in the south, I was able, on

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returning to Gipsy Hill, to enter into negotiations for the conductorship of the Winter Gardens at Blackpool, and these negotiations resulted in my engagement there for three seasons, commencing in June, 1881. I had recovered from the effects of my broken leg, and had no longer any reason to fear the strain of standing at the conductor's desk for two hours in the morning and the same time in the evening, and the result of my endeavours to make the concerts a success was that the dividends went up. I ought to add that the shareholders of the Winter Gardens had, at the time I speak of, the advantage of the services of Mr. W. Morgan, a very clever manager.

The destruction of the Alhambra by fire, which occurred, as my readers will remember, in 1882, was an event of some moment to me and my partner, owing to our business premises adjoining the theatre. I remember, that on moving from Soho Square to Leicester Square, we were struck with the increased premium demanded by the insurance company for the insurance of our premises, the increase, it was explained to us, being occasioned by the extra risk to which we were exposed by our proximity to the theatre. Needless to say we took all possible precautions ourselves, and my instructions to the porter, who lived on the premises, included an order for a hansom to be at once sent to me at Gipsy Hill in the event of any disaster occurring in the night. The ground was covered with snow the night of the Alhambra fire, and a terrible blast of cold air came into my bedroom window at two o'clock in the morning, when I

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opened it to hear what the cabman, who pulled the bell twice, had to say. I was prepared to hear "The Alhambra is on fire," and this was all cabby had to say, or that I needed to hear. He had had to inquire his way coming down to Gipsy Hill, a neighbourhood he did not know, but going up to London was quite a different thing. The flames that illumined the heavens acted as a beacon light, and guided him to the spot. By the time we got there (for my wife, who dressed quicker than she had ever dressed before, accompanied me), all the streets were flooded, and the approaches to the Square guarded by policemen. Upon making myself known I was taken round to the Castle Street entrance, where Captain Shaw soon comforted us by saying the wind was carrying the flames the other side. What we all feared was, that the turrets on our side would come down and so smash our premises, but, happily for us, they resisted the fire, though only the iron skeletons were left standing. It was a terrible sight, and one that impressed me in many ways, perhaps the keenest sensation I had in the matter being the admiration I felt for the firemen, and the men belonging to the Salvage Corps. We found, for instance, on entering our premises, that all the musical instruments had been carefully piled up on the side opposite to that adjoining the Alhambra, the whole being tightly covered over with waterproof tarpauling. It seemed to me, however, that the insurance people had a strange system in expecting us, as they did, and before we had time to go over the stock, and duly estimate the damage done, to make our

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claim against them. I suggested that the stock should be overhauled, and an inventory made of the loss sustained by damage, but as they persisted in urging that a stated sum should be mentioned at once, we fixed this at 400*l.*, and received a cheque immediately. The actual damage sustained consisted principally of music scorching; but, as is often the case, it was water rather than fire that had affected us most, and the 400*l.* was entirely swallowed up in repairing the walls and fixtures.

Destiny was rather prodigal of her shocks for me in the early eighties, for after the Alhambra fire, and the trouble which that had entailed, when, the following winter, I again sought repose on the Riviera I came in for an earthquake shock. This occurred whilst I was staying in Monaco, with Captain Mussly, an old friend I had known during the Empire, when he belonged to the Cent Gardes. The first shock, which came at about six a.m., awakened me out of a sound sleep, but ignorant of the cause I went to sleep again, till I was fully aroused a few minutes later by the bed literally rolling to the other side of the room. I thought, as no doubt, many did, that the end of the world had come, especially when the candlesticks and ornaments about the room fell all over the place. The noise, however, of the people in the streets, who were running in all directions, shouting "tremblement de terre," soon roused me to a true sense of the situation, and in a few minutes Captain Mussly, his wife and myself were making for the large square in front of the Palace for safety. It was a strange sight to see the

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inhabitants sleeping in the open air, with only temporary canvas coverings put up by way of shelter, but for days there was a general dread of returning to the dwellings, a dread justified, it is true, by the subsequent oscillations that occurred.

And yet Monte Carlo suffered less than Nice. I had friends staying here, who gave me quite pathetic accounts of the scene they had witnessed as the masqueraders were leaving the Veglione at the Opera on Ash Wednesday morning, just as the first shock was felt. The strain upon the railway company was great, and for days the trains were terribly over-laden with passengers rushing northwards for safety. The sight of the railway station at Monaco is one I shall not easily forget. It was besieged by a frantic crowd, and the people who were left behind when a train had started, waited patiently for hours till the next drew up at the platform. There was a general carelessness, too, exhibited about luggage, even by the ladies, everybody's chief anxiety being to get out of the place, altogether regardless of the question of paraphernalia or belongings. Mentone, that I visited, also presented a very melancholy spectacle, most of the houses being cracked or otherwise damaged. I saw two churches, for instance, roofless and completely wrecked, but the worst spectacle of all was to be seen at Diana Marina, a little town on the Italian frontier, where the place was entirely in ruins, the inhabitants having fled to the mountains. I saw hundreds of old railway carriages brought to Diana Marina from several

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lines, and converted into temporary residences for the poor, homeless people. It was not, by any means, an enlivening holiday I spent that year on the shores of the blue Mediterranean, and I was glad indeed that my wife had escaped all the fright by remaining at home.

It was during one of my seasons at the Winter Gardens in Blackpool that Madame Sarah Bernhardt's advent into the town created an unusual stir, her visit resulting in a completely novel experience for the much admired artist. She was touring at the time with her *impresario*, M. M. L. Mayer, and arrangements had been made for one performance at the Winter Gardens of *La Dame aux Camélias*. The advance booking was good, and when the night came there was not a reserved seat left. I shall not easily forget the scene the house presented as the time drew near for the performance to commence. Every seat was occupied, and the enthusiasm was remarkable. I had to open the proceedings by playing an overture, and, this over, the curtain went up, and Dumas' play was begun. The dialogue of the opening scene could only be heard by the occupants of the front seats, but this did not matter much, the attraction being Sarah, the divine Sarah. I can see the look of astonishment now as she perceived the uncarpeted floor of the stage, and realized the extent of the huge hall. For a minute or two the actress seemed to be asking herself whether she should open her mouth at all, but at last she began, only, however, to discover that her melodious voice, of which so much has been said and written, was completely lost. It was evident

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that Madame Sarah Bernhardt had not formed the remotest idea of the kind of building she was engaged for, and finding her efforts to make herself heard were vain, she left the stage before the end of the first act, and declined to appear again. One of the directors went to her, and endeavoured to persuade her to continue the performance, urging, in the most plausible tones he could command, that it really did not matter whether the visitors could hear or not so long as they could see her. This line of reasoning only added fuel to the flame, for Madame Bernhardt answered sharply that she was an artist and not an exhibition, whereupon she left the premises and adjourned to the Clifton Arms Hotel, where I also had quarters, and here she ordered a copious repast for herself, M. Damala (her husband), and the leading members of her company, leaving the manager to do what he pleased with his audience. Sarah was, undoubtedly, in a rage at having to appear as the bejewelled and extravagant Marguerite Gauthier on a carpetless stage which, moreover, to use her own words, was open to the four winds of heaven, otherwise she would not have so resented the manager's argument about the public wanting chiefly to see her. Sarah must know full well that, on her touring engagements, an enormous proportion of the people who pay to see her understand nothing of the language she speaks, but the Art question is one actors and actresses are prone to insist upon, in season and out of season sometimes. The collapse of the Blackpool performance caused intense disappointment to the spectators, and a deal of

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rioting and confusion prevailed, although the stage manager did his utmost to restore calm by assuring all present that their money would be returned to them.

Having by this time had a good rest from London, and having had time also in a measure to forget the worries of the Weldon litigation, I was desirous once more of appearing before a metropolitan audience, and I therefore willingly accepted the vacant post of musical conductor at the Alhambra on its opening, after rebuilding, in 1883. From 1870, when I left the Alhambra, till the fire took place, Mr. G. Jacobi had been the *chef-d'orchestre*, but, for some reason I never learnt, this engagement had for the time ended, and I filled in the breach when *The Golden Ring*, by George R. Sims, with music by Frederic Clay, was mounted. The piece was amusing, the spectacle magnificent, and poor Clay's music (the last he composed) delightfully original. There was, moreover, a good cast, a fine chorus, the indispensable ballets, and a capital orchestra. Success, therefore, seemed to be assured beforehand, for everything went most brilliantly. The first night performance, too, was faultlessly smooth, and yet the house looked and was gloomy. The entire scheme of decoration was generally condemned, and the papers next day, whilst praising the performance, criticized and found fault with the theatre. It was altogether an unfortunate season; the audiences got thinner every day, and finally the directors closed the theatre, and had extensive alterations made in the auditorium.

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Still, the first performance of *The Golden Ring* will be memorable in the profession, owing to its having been the occasion of poor Clay's last public appearance. He had worked very hard, poor fellow, during the rehearsals, and looked terribly exhausted as the first night drew near. Yet he could not resist the entreaties of friends, who advised him to conduct the orchestra himself. Without for a moment blaming him for this, for he only yielded to a very natural impulse, I instinctively regretted it on account of his health, for I had been closely watching my poor old friend, and was beginning to feel very uneasy about his condition. So I took up a position in the orchestra just behind Clay, in order to be able to keep an eye on him. It was painful to see him in such a weakened state, but he managed to get through the evening without apparent illness, and at the close of the performance, with Sims, Holland the manager, and Bertrand the ballet-master, Clay was called to the front to receive the plaudits of an enthusiastic audience. When Sims and Clay, however, left the theatre for a stroll to their club, poor Clay fell on the pavement in Bow Street, and had to be carried home. He was paralyzed, and what made matters sadder still was that this bright, cheery companion completely lost the power of speech as well as the use of his limbs. This practically cut him off from intercourse with his friends, for though we all, in turn, visited him, they were painful meetings always, no interchange of ideas under the circumstances being possible. And to see him wheeled about the West-End in

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a bath-chair, unable to articulate a word, was to have one's heart-strings wrung! Death at last came really as a relief, for, much as we all regretted the premature end of so talented a man, I, at least, could never wish him back again to see him as he was during those last sad months of his life.

By the time the Alhambra was remodelled, M. Jacobi having made peace with the directors, was ready to resume his former position, and I was left free to continue my concerts at Blackpool, where I remained till 1887, the performances being so successful that the shareholders' dividends went up considerably. And during the year of the Liverpool Exhibition my orchestra was engaged to go there for four weeks at the close of the Blackpool season.

Meanwhile, that is to say in 1885 and 1886, I gave a six weeks' series of promenade concerts at Covent Garden, renting the theatre from Mr. Freeman Thomas at the end of his annual seasons. I was able, moreover, to give undivided attention to my professional work at this time, for having sold my share in the Leicester Square business to my partner, I was free from all commercial trammels. In passing, I may mention that this share realized 12,000*l.*, a good slice of which was unfortunately swallowed up in the law-suits already referred to. Still, I had every reason to be satisfied with my twenty years' trading, seeing that when Mr. Hawkes and myself commenced business, we did so, practically, without capital.

After six years in Blackpool, I migrated, in 1887, to

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Llandudno, the change being quite the result of chance. I happened in the new year week of 1887 to be on tour in Edinburgh, and one day, during rehearsal, I noticed one of my musicians intent upon the advertisement sheet of a theatrical paper. Upon asking my man if he was reading anything important, he replied, "Yes, there is a musical director wanted for the Pier and Pavilion at Llandudno." I had to think for a minute or two, before I realized where Llandudno was, but the geographical question once settled in my mind, I was very soon posted up in the beauties and attractions of the place. And upon considering the matter, I resolved, as I had not yet absolutely signed any fresh contract for Blackpool, to make the formal application for this new position, thinking that perhaps after six years a change might be desirable. Consequently I wrote to the Pier directors, and was invited to pay them a visit on my return journey to London. At this meeting, when we went into matters, I could see that, although the small octagon orchestra at the Pier-head could not be made available for my thirty-six musicians, the Pavilion, on the other hand, from its enormous size, was capable of great things, and, properly managed, ought to prove a gold mine. These, in fact, were the words I used in expressing my views of the capabilities of the place. There were differences of opinion at first between the directors and myself about using the Pavilion, they inclining to the belief that, visitors would not, even for good music, consent to be shut indoors on fine summer evenings. But, in arguing the

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matter, I related what my Blackpool experiences had been on this very point, and ultimately, though not without a deal more discussion, the experiment was tried and succeeded. From that time not a single evening concert has been given in the open air, the arrangement, I need hardly say, being an immense advantage to all the musicians, and particularly to the vocalists, whose voices are very much tried by open-air singing. From twelve weeks for the first season, my engagement was extended to eighteen weeks for the following year, and to twenty-four for the third year, the concerts having, in the mean time, become a leading attraction of the place.

Variety and constant change of programme have been my policy as a conductor, but there is one piece that figures often in my programme. This is Massenet's Grand Heroic March entitled *Swabadi*. Massenet told me that he had arranged this march from a Hungarian tune he heard when travelling in Pesth in 1885 in company with Ferdinand de Lesseps, Delibes, Gounod, Gouzien and other celebrities. He was struck by the originality of the tune, which was performed in a Bier-garden, and upon inquiry he learnt that the composer of it was named Herr Swabadi, the proprietor of the Garden and conductor of the band. The musicians played from memory, and therefore there was no copy of it to offer M. Massenet, when he volunteered to arrange the march for a full orchestra, a proposition the composer accepted with delight. Visiting the Bier-garden again the next evening the march was repeated, and Massenet noted

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the melody on paper. On his return to Paris, Massenet arranged Swabadi's march for full orchestra and military band, with church bells accompaniment. The piece was given for the first time in Paris at a grand concert given at the opera for the benefit of the sufferers by the innundations of Snegedin (Hungary), and performed by the full orchestra of the theatre and the grand band of the Garde Republicaine. In order to give proper effect to this grand piece I ordered from Coventry three large tubular bells for the part written in Massenet's score:

I experienced, from the first, unhoped-for successes at Llandudno; amongst other compliments I was made the honoured guest at a banquet given by the residents of the town in October, 1889, at the Imperial Hotel, the occasion being marked by the presentation of a magnificent silver punch-bowl and ladle, which, owing to the very flattering terms of the inscription that it bears, will always remain, apart from its intrinsic value, one of my most precious possessions. Lord Mostyn took the chair at this complimentary banquet, and most of the directors of the Pier Company, as well as the leading residents in the town, were also present. Lord Mostyn, whose elocution is faultless, made an eloquent speech, that my modesty prevents me from reproducing here; and after the manner of *bénéficiaires*, I stumbled through a few sentences, which quite inadequately conveyed any sense of the emotion and gratitude that this very graceful compliment had evoked. It is quite true, that when the heart is full words come very slowly.

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On the conclusion of my agreement in 1890, I accepted a fresh engagement at Llandudno, at an increase of salary, for another term of three years, the question of salary being readily conceded, owing to the dividends having in the meantime reached ten per cent., with a good reserve fund besides. Seeing myself, so to speak, settled in Llandudno, in 1891 I built a pretty villa there. This, one day, was politely called by a witty and admiring Welsh friend, "Bôd alaw," ("The Abode of Melody"), and I straightway adopted the title, and the house is still known by it. From the conclusion of the Weldon litigation till this period, my life, which though professionally successful had, on the whole, contained a full share of storm and stress, seemed to be flowing on so agreeably and tranquilly, as to make me forget alike my early sorrows and the approach of age. This happy condition, I regret to say, was not destined to last, for difficulties, into which it is needless for me here to enter, arose in a perfectly unexpected fashion between the Pier directors and myself in the middle of the season of 1891. The dividends however, I am glad to be able to state, still went up, twelve and a half per cent. having been paid to the shareholders in 1891, and again last year. But the unpleasantness with the directors, if it does not increase, exists still, and seeing that to a man of my age and sensibility hostile relations with anybody are neither agreeable nor dignified, I am on the point of severing my connection with the Pier Company, though not, I hope, my professional and friendly relations with the British public. At the instigation of a group of

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friends I have decided to begin a new series of concerts at Llandudno, for which a hall is in course of erection, to be opened on July 1st next and called Rivière's Concert Hall.

Stimulated by the support of the great British public, for whose entertainment I have had the honour of working for the best years of my life, I intend, despite my advancing years, to seek a continuance of the patronage that has been so prodigally accorded me. Whilst, under God's blessing, health is spared to me and my energy remains, I shall devote my best efforts to making some sort of requital (though a poor one) for the unbounded confidence that has been placed in me, and for the kindness and encouragement I have enjoyed during my long and happy residence in the land of my adoption. It is only strangers I need exhort to believe that my love of England, and of all English institutions, gave me the desire to put this formally on record. I trust it will be considered a sufficient excuse for publishing this small volume.

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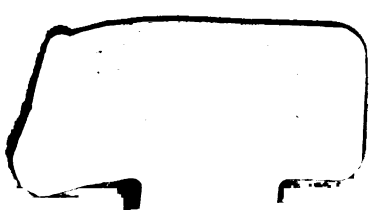
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